JOHN BULL

TWOPENCE

CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH

It's the DAILY POLISH that keeps shoes so much smarter

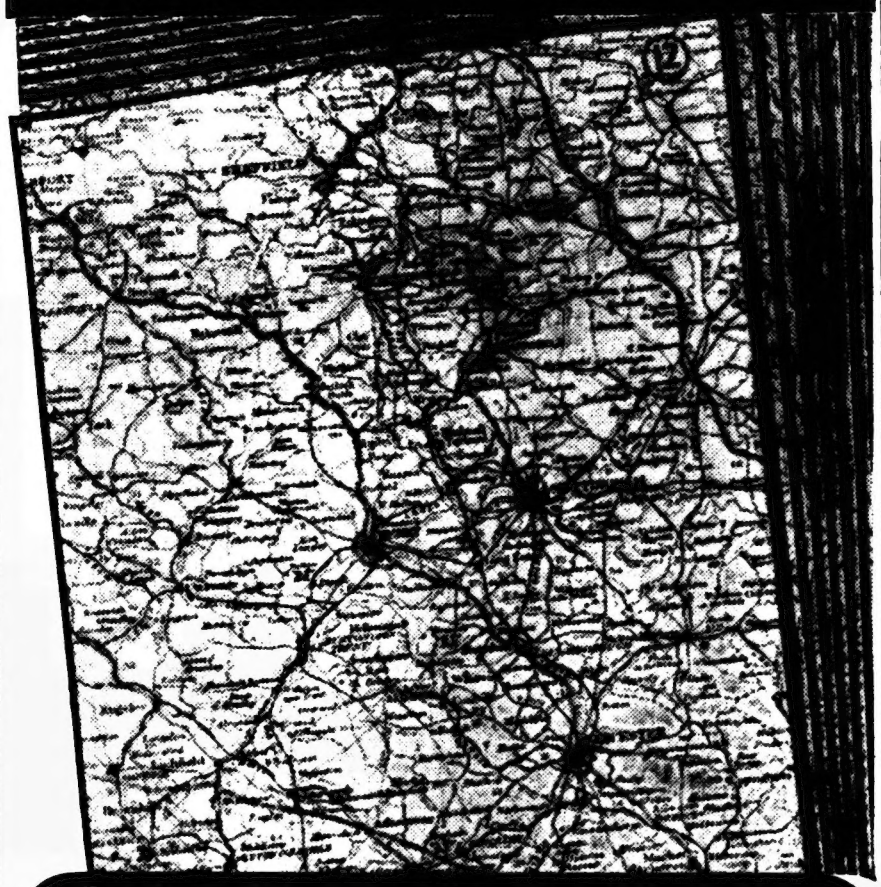
In Black, White, Brown, Tonette, and Dark Tan Stain.

Tins 2½d., 4½d., and 6d.

Chiswick Products, Ltd., London, W.4

CB/LV/9

LAST CHANCE



to secure these

28 FULL-COLOUR ROAD MAPS

'JOHN BULL'S"

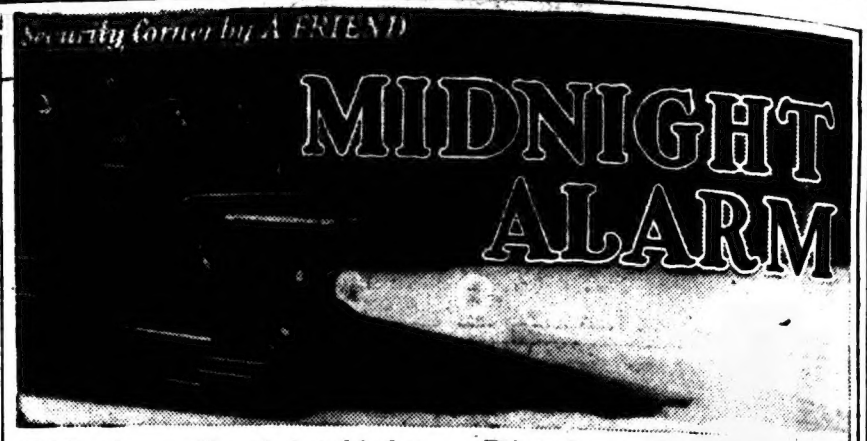
GIFT

FOR EVERY ONE OF ITS READERS

This week, owing to the tremendous demand, "John Bull" extends a last chance for you to secure these 28 Full-Colour Maps, based on the latest Ordnance Survey, yours almost as a Gift! Don't be too late for this remarkable opportunity. As a special concession, the Reservation Forms which appeared in the announcement in last week's "John Bull" will be accepted if they are completed and posted to reach us by not later than Thursday, April 13th. Turn up last week's "John Bull," post the Reservation Forms at once and commence to qualify as directed.

Security Corner by A FRIEND

MIDNIGHT ALARM



HE woke up with a start, and had an uneasy feeling that something was wrong. Yet what could be wrong? His wife was sleeping peacefully beside him and apparently their children, too, were fast asleep in their room. Nevertheless, the feeling persisted, and, to satisfy himself, he got up and went downstairs. To his horror he found the sitting-room full of smoke and flames. Quickly he woke his family, and flinging overcoats over their night attire rushed them to a neighbour's house while he sped to the fire alarm at the corner of the road. He smashed the glass and called the fire brigade, and had no sooner joined his wife and family than there came the sound of the brigade's bell.

From the kindly neighbour's house the family watched the fire fighters' battle to save their home, and with hearts full, they saw everything that meant home to them reduced to ashes.

Such a tragedy—a tragedy caused by a spark leaping from an apparently dead fire—may come to any household. In such circumstances think what a generous cheque would mean to you and yours.

"JOHN BULL" TO THE RESCUE

"John Bull" is *the only paper in the world* to safeguard its registered readers' household effects against damage by Fire, Storm, Flood and Tempest and to pay Sickness Benefit. Other wonderful benefits included are those for accidents in the home, on the sports field, and children's accidents.

£473 PAID LAST WEEK

Last week alone "John Bull" distributed to registered readers or their dependants no less than £473 1s. 3d.

This week we again publish a few of the numerous letters received from readers who have benefited under our Free Family Insurance Gift. We would remind readers that these letters are typical of those received almost daily:

FRIEND IN NEED

"You cannot know how much your help means to us, but I can truly say that in my need 'John Bull' has surely proved a friend indeed."

I. A., Wrexham.

PROTECTION AGAINST THE UNEXPECTED

"Thank you sincerely for your very ready and amicable settlement of my claim, also, might I add, the courtesy of your representative who called upon me. Further, I would mention how absolutely essential it appears to me—in fact, how very much it behoves us all to obtain protection against the unexpected."

J. A. P., Eltham.

"JOHN BULL'S" HELP

"May I thank you most sincerely for the cheque. It is dreadful having a fire in one's home, but it would have been much worse had I not registered with 'John Bull' only eight weeks previously."

E. F., Stockton-on-Tees.

OUR HOME IS SECURE

"I am indeed more than grateful to you for your kind help as it has been the means of alleviating our immediate troubles. The courtesy shown me will always be remembered, and it is gratifying to know that by virtue of your great Free Insurance, our home is secure."

A. M., Lee.

Fill in the forms below at once—don't put it off.

"JOHN BULL," THE ONLY PAPER TO PAY FIRE, STORM, FLOOD & SICKNESS BENEFITS.

SIGN TO-DAY

JOHN BULL

Hand this Form to Your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

.....

Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 8/4/39.

CUT HERE

Post this Form to

"John Bull," Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....

Reader's Signature. Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.

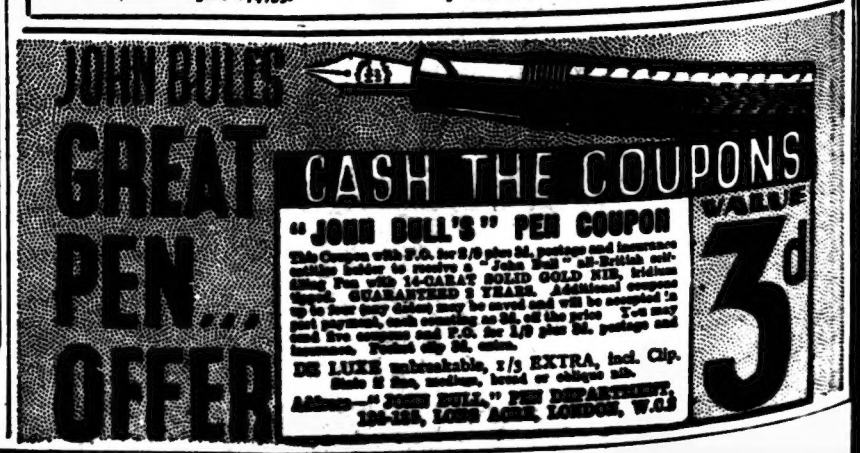
.....

.....

Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A Certificate setting out the full Benefits and Conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 8/4/39.



SOUTH WESTERN SALE!

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

ALL ROUND VALUE AND A SQUARE GUARANTEE FOR A STRAIGHT LINE

EVERY OFFER COVERED BY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE ON PAGE 38.

52 Blades for a BOB

In order to advertise an ENTIRELY NEW PRODUCT, we are making a SPECIAL OFFER OF **52 FINE QUALITY FULLY GUARANTEED SHEFFIELD RAZOR BLADES FOR ONE SHILLING.**

Actual value 4/4d. Why buy foreign Blades when you can obtain British cheaper and better. Send Postal Order 1/- and 1½d. stamps for post and packing to:—

ROWBOTHAM & CO., 1, Suffolk Rd., Sheffield, 2.

1 YEARS SHAVING 1/-

CARPET BARGAINS

9/11

This Bargain Catalogue post free.

This Phenomenal Offer is made to "John Bull" readers. On receipt of P.O. 9/-, carr. 1/- extra, we will forward direct from our looms one of our "Fashion" Remnants REAL SEAMLESS WOVEN CARPETS. Suitable for Drawing, Dining and Bedroom, etc. handsomely patterned, in 39 Turkey patterns and fashionable shades of Crimson, Green, Brown, Blue, Rose and Art Colourings to suit all requirements and large enough to cover any ordinary-sized room. They are made of material equal to wool and being a speciality of our own can only be obtained direct from our Looms, saving purchaser all middle profits. Guaranteed genuine bargains. Money refunded if not approved. Thousands repeat Orders. With every Carpet we absolutely give away a handsome Rug to match. SPECIAL OFFER: 2 carpets, 2 Rugs and 2 door mats for 20/- Carriage Paid. Cash or C.O.D.

F. HODSON & SONS (T.B.), Weekley Road, Leeds.

SPRING BULBS

AMAZING BARGAINS

100 GLADIOLI 1/9

Most glorious mixture of colours. 100 Gladioli in 5 Named varieties, 2/6. Lilium Regale, 25 enormous bulbs, 2/-. 100 Begonias, 50 single & 50 double, 2/6. Anemones De Caen, 1/6 per 100. Lilium Tenuifolium, 2/6 per 100.

All sep. labelled and well packed. Guaranteed to give complete satisfaction. We pay Carriage on orders over 5/-. Under, please add 6d. Deal with reliable Nurserymen.

GREAT WESTERN NURSERIES (Dept. J.B.)

222, ST. WEST ROAD, HOUNSLOW WEST

PRISMATIC BINOCULARS

for 3/- DEPOSIT

10 gn. MODEL FOR 75/-

Exceedingly powerful Prism Binoculars by Lumiere, Paris. 8x Magnification. Wide View. "Screw and Eyepiece Focus" Reading Bar. Damp and Dust Proof. Wonderful definition. Name of ship distinctly read 8½ miles from shore. Complete in Brown English Leather Case with Slings. Send 3/- Deposit and 6d. for postage for Free approval. If satisfactory Balance payable 5/- monthly until 79/6 is paid or cash within 7 days 70/- only. Fully Illustrated List of Field and Prism Glasses Post Free.

DAVIS & CO. (Dept. J.B.122) 94-104, Denmark Hill, Camberwell, London, S.E.5.

SOHO MYNA

Look!!!

Landscapes, portraits, groups (size 3½in. by 2½in.) can be taken with the new "MYNA" all-British folding camera. It has a large brilliant view finder, quick loading action and is finished in crinkle black and chromium plate. A very smart and efficient camera.

Wonderful value at **15/-**

Ask your dealer or write direct to

SOHO Ltd., 3, Soho Square, London, W.1

VARNENE

THE FINER OIL VARNISH STAIN

saves those wear-worn spots...

Because it will not readily chip or scratch, Varnene enables floors to withstand continual treading without showing signs of wear.

Obtainable at Ironmongers, Oilmen, Grocery and General Stores. In Dark Oak, Walnut, Mahogany, Light Oak, Ebony Black and Clear (Colourless) Varnish.

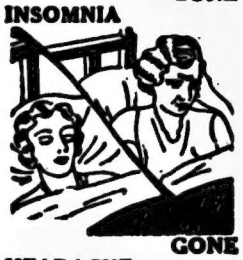
TINS 6d., 1/- and 1/6.

Chiswick Products Ltd., London, W.4.

Relief from Pain within 3 minutes

After the First Dose

Sustained increasing benefit after every further dose.



RENIPAS

THE 3 MINUTE REMEDY

(Pronounced REN-E-FAR) CELEBRATED POWDER

Acts like a miracle in cases of **Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Neuralgia and all Kindred Troubles. Headache, Toothache, Earache and other pains vanish as if by magic.**

INSOMNIA One powder gives a full night's refreshing sleep even though this has not been enjoyed for years.

RENIPAS is the result of seven years' scientific research by a fully qualified Doctor (M.D.), who states it CONTAINS NO INJURIOUS DRUGS, POISON OR ANY OTHER NARCOTIC, AND

DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART.

Renipas is NOT a One Drug Remedy, it is compounded of several ingredients, solid and liquid, the formula being in accordance with approved medical and scientific principles. It is similar to a physician's costly prescription, plus the chemist's charge every time made up. For over a quarter century many thousands of people have testified to the relief afforded by this wonderful remedy.

TESTIMONY Please send me 3/- box of your Renipas Powders. I tried the sample you sent me and got wonderful relief. They do just what you say, "act like a miracle." I shall tell my friends about them.

MRS. B. M ——, MONKWEARMOUTH.

FREE OFFER

Discovered by a Doctor. Prescribed by Doctors. Used by Doctors.

Although you may consider your case hopeless yet RENIPAS will not fail. Send two stamps for

FREE PACKET OF RENIPAS POWDERS

Each of which will perform a miracle for you.

Please print name and address in Block Letters.

RENIPAS

is supplied to Doctors, Nurses, Hospitals, Institutions, etc.

8 POWDERS, 1/3; 24, 3/-; 96, 11/-.

Order a box to-day from your Chemist and be free from pain.

If any difficulty to obtain we gladly send post free.

International Chemical Research Assn., Ltd. (Lab. 27), 69, Fleet Street, London.

THE Original ROT-PROOF CEDARWOOD

For beautiful buildings in genuine Western Red Cedar, come to the pioneers and experts. Sheds, garages, greenhouses, etc., which are everlasting and need no painting. From 28/- cash, or 2/- down. 12 months to pay. Free delivery. Send for Free Illustrated Catalogue to R. H. HALL & CO. (Heath) Ltd., 94X, Paddock Wood, Kent.

GET that SUTCLIFFE Store SHED - NOW!

FROM MONTHLY 3/8

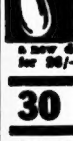
Design S.S. For Storing Tools, Garden Implements, Cycles. Built in 6 strong, perfect fitting sections. Easily the best value. Carriage paid. Roofing Felt included free. Floors extra. Small Store Sheds from 24/-.

Delivered on first payment.	Long.	Wide.	High.	Cash or 12 pts.
	6ft.	4ft.	6½ft.	£1 15 0 3/8
	7ft.	4ft.	6½ft.	£2 0 0 4/-
	10ft.	7ft.	6½ft.	£4 0 0 7/7
	12ft.	8ft.	7ft.	£5 5 0 9/10

Send for Free Catalogue. Garages 75/-; Greenhouses 35/-; Aviaries 40/-; Workshops 60/- Poultry Cabins 35/-; Fencing 3/- per yd. Kennels 27/-; Asbestos Garages 36; Bungalows 45; etc.

F. & H. Sutcliffe, Ltd., 82, Wood Top, Holden Bridge, Yorkshire. London Showrooms: 40-42, Oxford Street, W.1

NOW! The Greatest Achievement for the DEAF



SMALLEST DEAF AID IN THE WORLD

The New Silver Mite. No larger than a bean. Amazing power. Light and invisible. Fits right in the ear. No Batteries—No Wires—No Cost of Upkeep. Test it and judge for yourself. Immediately gives better hearing; also, by means of a new device, improves the hearing. First 1,000 offered for 25/- per pair. Usual price £2 2s. Write to-day.

30 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

Send name and address for 30 Days' Free Trial.—D. & J. HALL, LTD., Ear Piece Dept., 265, Oxford St., London, W.1 (over Oxford Cir. Tube Stn.). (Hours 10 to 6, Sats. 10 to 1.)

Supplied under National Health Benefit.

DONT BUY IT - TRY IT

SOMETHING NEW IN CYCLE VALUES

My new lists show the most amazing bargains from 57/6 cash, or terms. Send a postcard for the finest free Cycle Catalogue of the year, also Coupon for FREE accessories.

EDWD. O'BRIEN, LTD.

Dept. 3, COVENTRY.

QUICK-CUTTING GARDEN SCYTHE

FREE! SPECIAL SHARPENER FOR SCYTHE INCLUDED FREE NOT 7 DAYS

Take a lesson from country folk—the scythe is best. Cuts **WET or DRY** grass twice as quickly as shears without stooping or backache. Gets where mower cannot be used — sloping banks, narrow borders, awkward corners, around trees, rockeries, etc. Fitted keen razor edge tempered steel 9-in. blade in non-rust holder, this improved Scythe can even be used by ladies without fatigue. Complete with long handle and sheath to protect blade. **FREE SHARPENER** and easy directions. Send NOW P.O. 3/- to:

Wm. PENN, Ltd. (Dept. AB), 623, Holloway Rd. London, N.19

RETAILERS!

Increase your Sales by this *Proved* Method.

Local trade is limited, so why not sell your goods direct to the public by post—the modern method of trading? Whether your business is large or small, an advertisement in "John Bull's" "Shop Window" will enable you to reach out for trade on a national scale—reach millions of prospective buyers everywhere. Why not make "John Bull" your salesman?

For particulars and rates, write on business letterheading to:—

The Manager, Ideas & Sales Development Dept., "John Bull," Room 29, 87-89, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

How to Stop Smoking

FREE TREATISE WORTH POUNDS

Thousands of genuine, entirely unsolicited testimonials from grateful men and women who have been quickly freed from the tobacco habit by the help of the Stanley Treatment for Tobacco Habit. What the Stanley Treatment has done for others it can do for you. A grateful man writes: "*Now I have not the slightest inclination for smoking. I consider your Treatment the best investment I have ever made.*" If you wish to break the Tobacco Habit, write to-day for the Famous Treatise, "*Tobacco Bondage and the Way Out*," which has caused so much comment. Sent free and without obligation. It will cost you nothing and save you pounds, so write to-day.

THE STANLEY INSTITUTE Ltd. (Dept. B.H.89) 21, Warwick Lane, London, E.C.4

FREE BUILDINGS

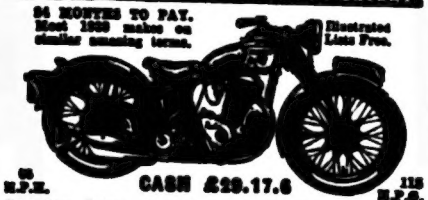
Also 2/- in £ REDUCTION. Write for full details. Buildings in sections. Easily bolted. On approval. Prompt despatch. Carr. Paid. FREE Catalogues:

GARAGES	..	£2 6
GARDEN SHEDS	..	£2 6
GREENHOUSES	..	£2 15
BRAZILS	..	£2 3
AVIARIES	..	£2 2
ARMY HUTS, ETC.	..	£2 15

(Dept. 89), Brampton Road, BEXLEYHEATH, KENT. MANCHESTER OFFICE: (Dept. 89), 56, CORPORATION ST.

NEW MOTOR CYCLES YOURS FOR 60/ FITTED SPEEDOMETER TAXED NO EXTRAS

24 MONTHS TO PAY. Most 1939 makes on similar amazing terms. Illustrated Lists Free.



CASH £29.17.6

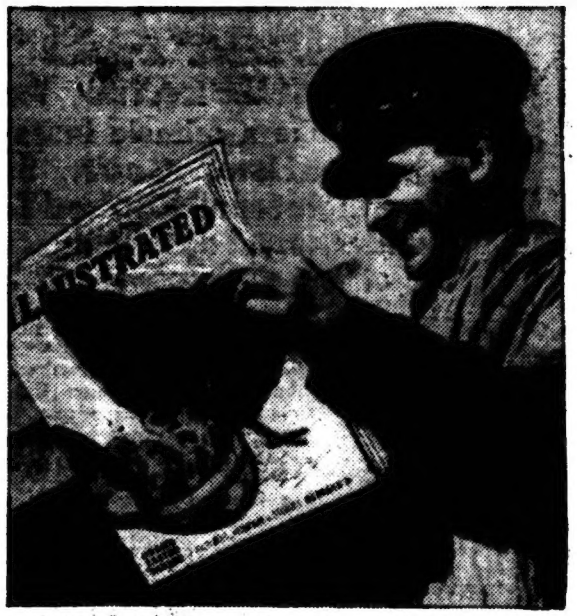
Examples: Latest 1939 250 c.c. O.H.V. Red Panther, 60/- Rides Away.—Complete dyno lighting, taxed, fully equipped, ready for the road! 2,000 other new and used bargains. Highest exchanges in cycle or cycle.

PRIDE & CLARKE LTD

158, STOCKWELL ROAD, S.W.9.

EVERYONE

Hullo! "John Bull" readers! Would you like to add to your happiness this Easter? Millions of people are getting more out of life by reading "Illustrated" regularly. Here's some of them with the grand Easter Number—Just Out—64 Big Pages for 2d. They get it first because they've placed a standing order with their newsagents! Now, what's amusing the lady above . . . is it the GIRL TAKING A TURKISH BATH?—that's just one of the intriguing series of pictures in this week's "Illustrated" (something you've never before seen!). "Illustrated" is like that—full of things that are new and different. It has pages and pages of human pictures that are real eye-openers. There's the man who walked into our office and said he would face death five times in fifteen minutes, and — he . . . actually DID IT!—RIDING THROUGH FIRE, GLASS, and . . . the resulting pictures will make your hair stand on end; but it all ends well, so like this old gentleman you'll sigh with relief and go-



murder, and then have to find the murderer. Hullo! Here's the law again—and if "Illustrated" needed a trial you couldn't find a better Judge! But it's been tried—and millions like it! What's the Judge looking at—Cochran's young lovelies? No! We fancy he likes a good yarn, and there are five in "Illustrated's" large reading section, including one about Alonzo Mactavish—Peter Cheyney's famous wireless character. No wonder "Illustrated" has caught on! You'll have to hurry for this Easter Number, in fact . . . You've always got to be up so early as this chap to make sure of your copy of "Illustrated," so why not give your newsagent an order to deliver it to you every Wednesday? It's the finest way of spending twopence you've ever known. We wouldn't like to say what appeals most to this lively lady—our bet is that she knows a good thing when she sees it and takes "Illustrated" for its wonderful array of nearly 50 joke drawings, some in colours (wait till you see the

ILLUST

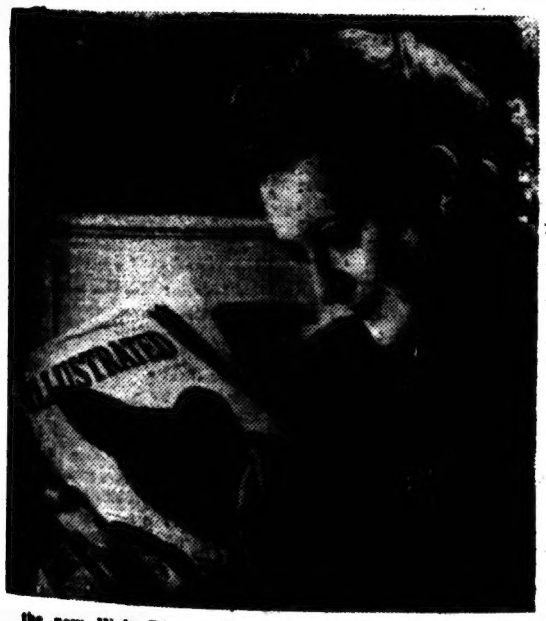
JUST OUT

IS READING

turn the pages to find out what makes a Schoolmaster so happy. Perhaps he's looking at Boys of the Guildhall Brigade. You, too, should know something about these cadets of London's Stock Exchange. "Illustrated" shows you! But even a schoolmaster can relax—and we venture to think that he's watching the lovely girls who

are being examined by Mr. Cochran (the producer) for a new show—no one's ever photographed this private act before, and it's even more intimate than those two lovers . . . What better greeting is there for a husband than a happy wife and a copy of this fine Easter Number of "Illustrated"? He doesn't want to get away from either!

And whatever they fancy—thrilling pictures, robust humour, gripping fiction, "Illustrated" has it at the cost of only two coppers. Oh! . . . forgive the joke, Mr. Policeman, but you came next! We know what's tilting your hat back—"Illustrated's" famous "Photo-crimes" pictures—in which you see all the events leading up to a



the new Walt Disney Silly Symphony series "UGLY DUCKLING"). This is the first time they've appeared in any paper. Ah! Here's Mary . . . we think she's at page 47 picking up a few cooking hints from Shirley Temple—We've snapped her making cakes—it's Shirley all over! (and flour all over, too!) . . . and then

there's Tommy, who takes his "Illustrated" wherever he goes. He and the Barber are undoubtedly tickled by K. R. G. Browne and W. Heath Robinson, who show with weird words and strange drawings "How a Car Works." And so to Father, who . . . prefers to keep a good thing to himself until he's seen everything that's in this world-

record value paper. "Illustrated" really is something every "John Bull" family should have because it has Everything in its big cheerful pages. See for yourself. Get the Easter Number—Just Out—at once. But hurry! At the same time be sure to place a standing order with your newsagent to deliver "Illustrated" to you every Wednesday.

RATED

64 PAGES—2D.

WHICH IS PAM?

you can't tell the difference

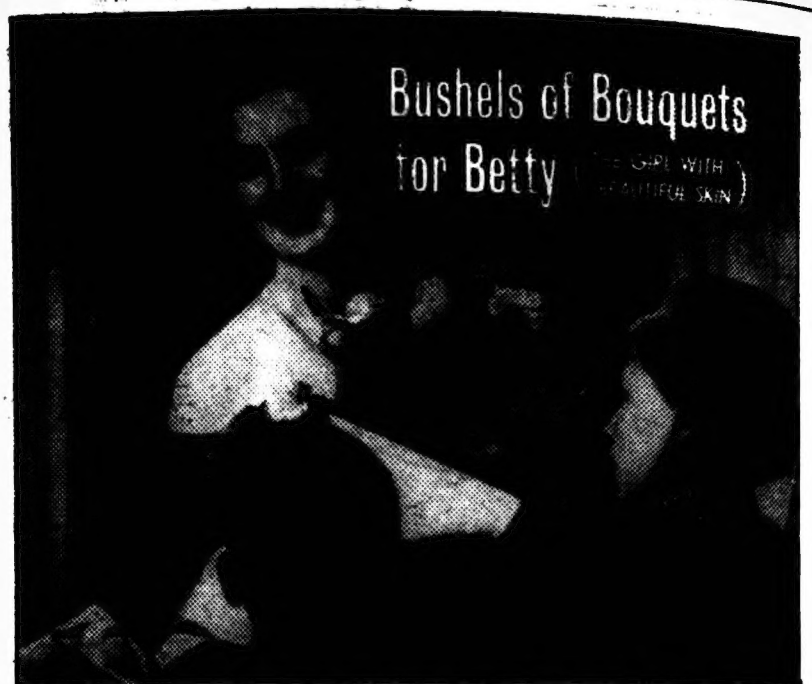
BETWEEN A NEW DRESS AND A PERSIL-WASHED DRESS

For all fine fabrics Persil's gentle cleansing is best. In Persil the purest soap is blended with oxygen in such a way that Persil's action is *extra* safe. Persil not only gets all the dirt out, it gets it out quickly, so that your things are only a short time in the water and have the least possible handling while wet. And Persil cleans in *cool* or even cold water—which means far less danger of colours running. Remember, next time you have to wash silks, woollens or coloured things, Persil keeps them fresh and lovely and gives them far longer life.

Persil

PERSIL IS BEST FOR ALL FINE FABRICS

PER 664C-71-38



Help your complexion to beauty with Pond's Creams containing the "SKIN-VITAMIN"

ANALYSIS OF BETTY

NO MUDDINESS. Her complexion has the fresh radiance of a rose petal . . . You can help your skin to this beauty — by using Pond's Cream which now contains the "skin-vitamin." For this vitamin actually BUILDS A NEW SKIN for you.

NO WRINKLES OR LINES. That smooth youthful look can be yours. For Pond's Cream containing the "skin-vitamin" softens lines away.

NO BLEMISHES. Smart girls know that spots and blackheads don't come to the healthy skin. Read below how Pond's Cream, by bringing the "skin-vitamin," makes the skin healthy again.

NO DRYNESS. You can give satin smoothness to your skin by using Pond's Cream. For the "skin-vitamin" corrects dryness and roughness.

NO BIG PORES. One effect of the "skin-vitamin" in Pond's Cream is to make pores smaller.

IT REBUILDS SKIN TISSUE! Scientists recently found that one certain vitamin rebuilds skin tissue. Without it, cells flatten, oil glands dry up, under-tissue shrinks. Pond's had this vitamin put into Pond's Creams and tested on the skin. When Pond's Cream containing the "skin-vitamin" was applied daily, cells filled out, glands began to function, shrunken tissue became normal. Women who used this "skin-vitamin" cream reported amazing results—after just a few weeks! Finally Pond's put this "skin-vitamin" into all Pond's Creams—into Pond's Vanishing Cream and Pond's Cold Cream . . . Start using Pond's Cream and see the difference in your complexion.

Look for a small "5V" on the label. This means the "skin-vitamin" is in the cream. This vitamin is also in Pond's Liquefying Cream, a quick cleanser.

LADY PATRICIA FRENCH

Glamorous grand-daughter of the famous Commander-in-Chief of British Forces in France in 1914. She says. "I use Pond's Cold Cream every night to cleanse and stimulate my skin so that little blemishes don't come. Then I use Pond's Vanishing Cream before powdering. It smooths away any roughness at once and holds powder a long time. Now that these creams contain the 'skin-vitamin,' they've made my complexion exceptionally clear and smooth, made pores smaller, and softened away little lines."

CHANGE OF SEASON ILLS CHANGE OF SEASON CHILLS

COLDS, CHILLS, RHEUMATISM LUMBAGO, NEURALGIA, HEADACHES

This is the "Change of Season" month when health troubles make their most dangerous attack. Colds, Chills, Flu are easily caught but obstinate to go! Pains strike swiftly and hang on! You dare not run the risk of neglect. You must stop them at the first sign. You can do so for 2d if you get Beechams Powders, the wonderful remedy which ACTS LIKE MAGIC! Beechams Powders cost only 2d each but they are more easily assimilated, quicker acting and therefore MORE CERTAIN in results. Get your supply TO-DAY! Cartons of 8 Powders 1/3. Single Powders 2d each. Not Laxative. Sold Everywhere. A Beecham Product.

DON'T SUFFER THEM— STOP THEM FOR 2d.

BEECHAMS POWDERS

JOHN BULL

THURSDAY, for week ending SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1939.
65, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.
Telephone: TEMPLE BAR 2468.

Straight from the Shoulder

MAKE EASTER THE PEACE FESTIVAL!

THIS Saturday, April 8, men of the Grenadier Guards Comrades' Association lay a wreath on the Belgian Unknown Warrior's tomb in Brussels. This week, too, ex-Royal Fusiliers are making a battlefields tour.

We wish they were accompanied by our fire-eaters who, apparently forgetful of the carnage and misery of the last war, would embroil us in another and far worse upheaval.

Let them ask those ex-soldier pilgrims whether the people's will for peace should be used before war is accepted as inevitable. No doubt of the answer!

Path to Peace

And the coming week should remind us that the greatest change in the world's history was achieved not by resort to arms but by the Word of Peace.

Our pledge to Poland is a first step towards the establishment of peace in Europe.

But only a first step on a long and difficult road.

The next step is indicated by the news that the nation's leaders are still negotiating with other States—Rumania, Russia and Turkey in particular.

No Encirclement

Yet here, too, a note of warning must be sounded.

Our efforts to rally other countries to our cause must not result in an anti-totalitarian bloc.

We must avoid the incalculable dangers of massing one group of nations against another group; of encouraging this or that country to believe that it is surrounded by enemies.

One Goal

No! Britain's aims must be directed on a greater goal.

Let us form an anti-aggression alliance, but let that pave the way for a conference of *all* nations, whatever their form of government.

A conference that will discuss, soberly and frankly, the injustices and jealousies that are embroiling Europe in continual crises.

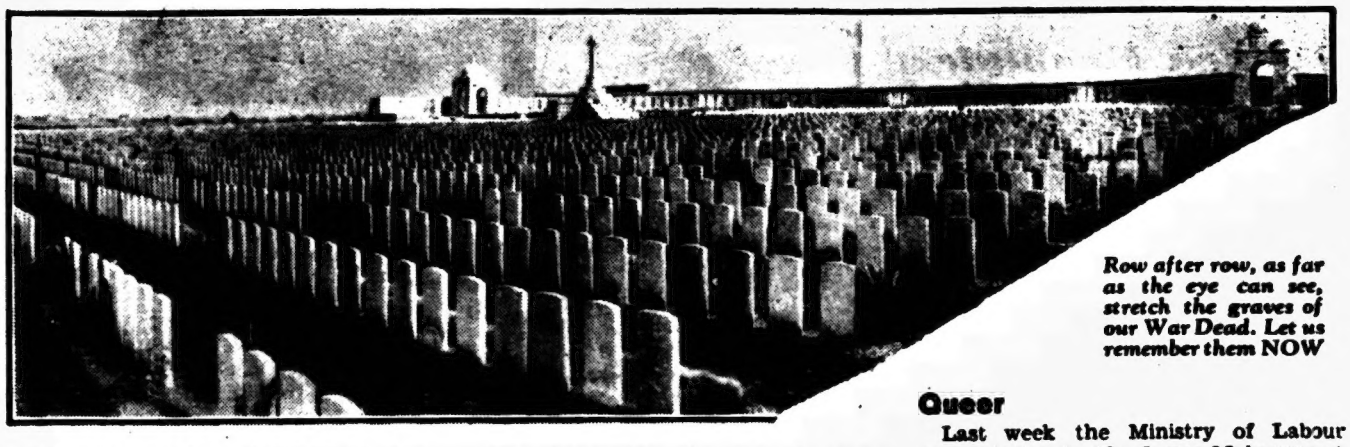
For, as the Prime Minister says, "there is no question incapable of solution by peaceful means," and no justification for the substitution of force for the method of negotiation.

Mankind's Hope

Perhaps that is too optimistic a forecast. Perhaps the conference would fail.

But, at least, let it be tried.

For therein lies the most desperate hope of all humanity.



Row after row, as far as the eye can see, stretch the graves of our War Dead. Let us remember them NOW

Ghostly Army Advances

Footsteps of the Ghostly Army grow louder in the corridors of Westminster.

Ministers are not being allowed to forget the unemployed. Significant that even the Archbishop of Canterbury—yes, we say "even"—is demanding a re-planning of work.

The Labour Party, too, is at last mobilising its forces for a great "Find Work" campaign.

And we tell you again that, long before a General Election is held, the Cabinet will give way—are, in fact, already preparing to do so.

Careless Courts

The lost diary in the Old Bailey bombs trial should focus attention on the lack of care in dealing with "exhibits."

In some districts these important objects of evidence are just locked up in cupboards. In London and other big towns they are put in safes—but the safes are often as antiquated as the courts themselves.

Knock to Open

A London magistrate was shown recently how the court safe could be opened by thumping the back of it.

Another sprung open when pushed. Another which contained exhibits was forced and £700 stolen.

Once a man's life depended on the amount of tobacco left in a pipe. At the trial it was found that someone had cleaned out the pipe!

These articles are more important than gold. They should at least be looked after as carefully.

Plan for Safety

It would take us a long time to examine in detail the House of Lords' report on road accidents—with its recommendations to punish jay-walkers, make cyclists carry registration plates and red lights, provide more children's playgrounds, build better roads, and so on.

Some of its provisions do not please us, but, on the whole, it is a far-sighted and clear-sighted document which should get Parliament's immediate attention.

The roads have been neglected for decades; this important report will be wasted unless it is acted upon *quickly*.

Queer

Last week the Ministry of Labour sent a letter to Mr. James Molyneux at Oakleigh Grove, Bebington, Cheshire, demanding an explanation why he had not paid unemployment insurance contributions for a year.

Mr. Molyneux died four years ago. And the record of his death has been on Whitehall's files since then.

Jerry on the Run

One of JOHN BULL's longest campaigns is in sight of victory.

The Government's new Bill dealing with building societies does much to end the racket of second and third mortgages under which the house-purchaser was loaded with big added charges on his repayments.

In future the house-buyer must put down at least 5 per cent. of the purchase price. That will curb the jerrybuilder who specialised in the "£2 down" bait for houses which were "built by the mile and sawn off."

Guarantee

Biggest advance is that every house bought through a building society shall be deemed to carry a warranty that the price is reasonable. And the society is responsible for seeing to it that the property is worth the price asked.

With most of JOHN BULL's demands now conceded, we can reveal that none of this new legislation was brought forward by the builders or the societies themselves.

For more than two years the Treasury has been gravely perturbed about the financial structure of some building societies. This welcome Bill is the result.

Arms Profits

Unnoticed by the public, Sir Kingsley Wood has shaken a warning finger at aeroplane manufacturers.

The French Government has shaken its fist, declaring that if bigger arms profits are made they will be confiscated. Sir Kingsley merely says that profits must be reduced; his experts are working out new system for regulating costs.

Don't Laugh

Contracting firms can still make vast profits through sub-contracting companies whose accounts are not subjected to official scrutiny.

So they can afford to laugh. You, who will have to foot the bill, can't afford even a chuckle.

Let Whitehall Now Do Its Bit

CONSCRIPTION-MONGERS are changing their tactics but redoubling their efforts.

If Britain wouldn't stomach peace-time conscription, they urge, it might swallow compulsory national service. Australia's decision for a compulsory national register has given them hope.

But the majority of Cabinet Ministers are holding out, including the Prime Minister and Sir John Anderson, the A.R.P. chief.

Maybe Sir John knows we are right in saying that defects in his scheme are not due to public apathy but to the crazy incompetence of his local officials.

By every post letters still pour in to us from readers who have tried to "do their bit" but were contemptuously rejected.

Reasons range from the wearing of glasses, defective teeth and other minor physical blemishes, to the request of workless men for travelling expenses.

One man in a wealthy London borough enrolled for first aid in the September crisis. Later he became an air raid warden; now he would like to test his proficiency by taking a first aid examination.

But a 3s. 6d. fee is demanded—and the man is an old age pensioner drawing public assistance!

* * *

An ex-sailor, qualified gunner, volunteered for the Merchant Navy Defence courses in gunnery. His employers—a local council—won't pay his wages of 50s. a week during the fortnight he would be away.

So the man, unable to live on air, has to become what the conscription-mongers call a "shirker."

No, it isn't that the public won't roll up, but that National Service officials won't smooth out the obstacles.

Even a lot of Press advertising appealing for volunteers is being left to private enterprise!

"John Bull" says again: It's up to every man and woman who can to volunteer, and it's up to Whitehall to give them a chance.

Voice of the People

I HAVE lived in Canada for 30 years. I encourage my children to listen in to the London broadcasts intended for Empire consumption.

My children say: "Daddy, why don't they have gentlemen speaking in English?" Although reception is good, they can't understand the accent.—C. H. Ford, Naco, Alta, Alberta, Canada.

A common complaint in Canada and Australia. Reason is that strong, curt voices carry best on short waves—just the sort that don't suit for home broadcasts.

French Example

According to a French newspaper, French coal mines are much safer than ours. Safety measures are described as far superior.

If this is true, we ought to be ashamed of ourselves. If it isn't, the French newspaper should blush.—H. J., Southwark, S.E.

It is true. Death-rate in British mines is three times higher per thousand men. Ventilation in French mines is better on the whole. Miners are searched for matches and wear leather Crash-helmets. In ten years only 58 French miners were killed in pit explosions. Also—in fairness—French mines are inclined to be *naturally* safer.

Family League

My elder brother is married to a Norwegian, another brother to an American, the youngest brother to a Danish girl, my eldest sister to a German, and another sister to a Japanese.

It may surprise you to know that the best-liked member of the family is the Jap.

But my chief point is that everybody is happy. We are a successful League of Nations.—E. C., Edgebridge, Mere, Wilts.

Fine—as long as you have no dictators.

In the Files

A detective friend of mine has been promoted to a job in the Records Department of his county force, his chief having noticed his exceptional memory for criminals' names and records.

He confesses to me, privately, that reading JOHN BULL every week has helped him to keep in touch with well-known crooks and their latest rackets.—M. A. C., Bloomsbury.

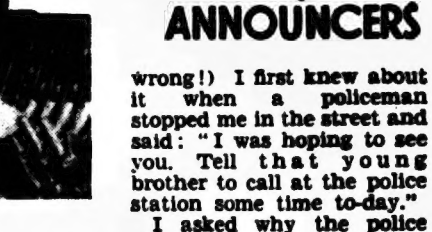
Police authorities often seek access to our crime dossiers, which are the best of their kind in the world. We have in this way helped the police to save the public millions of money. It is all part of the JOHN BULL service!

Readers Write To-day About—

COALMINERS

SIGNALMEN

POLICEMEN



ANNOUNCERS

"Thank You, P.C."

Bootle police wanted to question my schoolboy brother. (It has been established that he has not done anything wrong!) I first knew about it when a policeman stopped me in the street and said: "I was hoping to see you. Tell that young brother to call at the police station some time to-day."

I asked why the police shouldn't go to the house.

"Because we never like to set neighbours talking, and, on top of that, don't want to upset your mother," was the spendid reply.—Grateful, Clifford Street, Bootle, Liverpool, 22.

When London police want to interview young people they try to avoid sending policemen to the house. In fact, it is almost a general practice nowadays.

Handyman

Many wives complain that their husbands have "awkward" jobs. I wonder if my husband's can be beaten in this respect.

As a relief signalman, he has to memorise 30 signal-boxes, going from one to another.

At other times he is pilotman, groundman, passenger or goods guard, and train ticket collector.

I never know when he will start next day's work or when he will finish. His meals have to be served at widely varying times. And we never know when we will be free for an hour's entertainment.—Railwayman's Wife, Taunton, Somerset.

Any other claims to the most "awkward" job?

Names for Sale

As you will see from the literature which I enclose, a money-snatcher has been after my cash. Fortunately, I take JOHN BULL.

But the point is, How do they get hold of people's addresses? I am not a householder. My name appears in no directory. And I have never corresponded with the firm concerned.—R. W. Platten, Northwick Road, Evesham, Worcester.

At some time Reader Platten has had business dealings with a firm that hasn't hesitated to sell his name and address to these money-snatchers. "Live Lists," as they are called, are sold at so much per thousand names. Then there is the "Mugs' List"—people who can be relied on to part with cash. "Mugs' Lists" fetch more.

Sacked

I have been sacked from my job in a seaside hotel to make room for a Spanish refugee.

As I am 54—and served in the Army from 1915 to 1919—you can imagine my feelings.—D. F. Bergin, 22, Stirling Place, Hove, Sussex.

* * *

A boy I know who has worked in the same hotel for six years has just returned home.

He has been dismissed to make room for a refugee. So have two other people in the same hotel.

His job is going to be done at half the wages that were paid to him. Let us help people—yes; but never at the expense of our own countrymen.—H. Broadhead, Oxford Terrace, Kington, Herefordshire.

Refugees are not allowed to take jobs for which there is British labour available. These two letters—and others we have received—suggest that it is being done in the catering trade. We invite the Minister of Labour to look into the facts.

3d. Washers

Nobody seems to know where all the 12-sided threepenny pieces are going.

Many garages keep a supply of them and use them—in special jobs—as nuts or washers. After they have been bored, they can be coaxed on to bolts that are worn or damaged, and, when once in position, remain almost unbelievably secure.—P. S. J., Hadyn Road, Nottingham.

Royal Mint believes the new threepenny bits are moving more freely. They are popular in some districts, particularly dockyard towns. Use as washers—an offence, by the way—would not make much difference.

We want to know what you are thinking about, what you've seen or done. So write to the "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published and an extra 10s. 6d. if we use your own drawing or photograph illustrating the letter.

Doctors Do and Don't

YEARS ago, my husband suffered badly from rheumatism. His doctor advised brine baths.

The sequel came when we visited a salt works. We saw a twisted, distorted old man limping about. He had lived in salt for twenty-five years.

We asked him what was wrong with him. "Rheumatism," he replied.—Mrs. Harris, Shurdington, near Cheltenham.

* * *

ON an asthma formula! Acetylmethyldimethyloyamyephenylnydrazine, 20 per cent.

Why? Are doctors afraid that I might understand it?—T. Cattell, Lorne Road, Northampton.

* * *

MY family doctor's eye lit on my appendix scar.

"A good job of work," he said almost enviously. "I'll tell you who did that operation."

And although the operation had been carried out years before—he was right.—A. D., Lincoln Street, Salford.

* * *

I HAVE just lost two friends very dear to me. Had they been X-rayed as soon as their illnesses became apparent they would have been saved.

Surely it could be made compulsory for every doctor to instal X-rays, and examine every patient who comes to him.—E. T., Birchgate, Bucknall, Stoke-on-Trent.

* * *

A FARMER friend had just been to a doctor when I met him. He told me that the doctor, having mixed him a bottle of medicine, asked: "You are on my panel, aren't you?"

Learning that he wasn't a panel patient at all, the doctor poured the medicine away and gave him tablets.—Jack Turner, Standen Street, Benenden, Kent.

* * *

PANEL doctors don't get many bouquets, so I am pleased to send an appreciation.

I am a working man who has suffered for long periods from a painful complaint.

My panel doctor has travelled many miles twice and sometimes three times a week to bring me relief and comfort. There is nothing he wouldn't do.

No family doctor could be better.—A. H. Walby, Old Shirley, Southampton.

NO WAR IF—

Rev. R. L. Jones

Declares Parson Reader

What is War's harvest? Widespread ruin, appalling suffering, revolution. If only the nations and their leaders kept that fact in mind, no one would tolerate the possibility of such a catastrophe.

Such was the thought that occurred to a keen reader of JOHN BULL's articles, the Rev. R. L. Jones, Minister of Gloucester Street Congregational Church, Weymouth. A Life Pension of 20s. Weekly and £100 Cash rewarded this parson "Bulleteer" for putting his idea into the simple, but striking effort, OUT OF THE QUESTION—WAR. IF OUT-COME QUESTIONED.

Follow him to the top of the prize-list in this week's splendid Offer on page 39 and win £1,000 in *Bullets* cheques for a few simple words!

ONE SLIP COSTS A LIFE...

In the sale of even the simplest medical supplies there must be unrelaxing vigilance

IN which shopkeeper do you place greatest unquestionable trust?

In the chemist, of course.

Not for a moment are you likely to lack faith in him when he dispenses a doctor's prescription. And, invariably, you will look for and accept his guidance when buying drugs and stock or proprietary preparations.

Every hour life is at his mercy. If death or harm caused to one of his customers is traceable to a mistake in mixing medicine, he alone is answerable in law.

A forgetful or careless physician may prescribe some drug or combination of drugs in lethal quantity. The doctor is automatically absolved from all legal blame for tragic consequences.

Onus rests on the chemist to detect any error in a prescription.

If it is dispensed as made out and the patient dies, the chemist will stand in the dock alone to face a manslaughter charge.

The law of Britain regards the technical training of a chemist as the only adequate safeguard for the public. It supposes that in the preparation of medicine and the recognition of danger, his skill and knowledge and caution must always be greater than those of the doctor.

THIS IMMENSE RESPONSIBILITY IS BORNE PROUDLY AND UNCOMPLAININGLY BY THE PHARMACEUTICAL PROFESSION.

But, as matters stand to-day, a great part of the public cannot always rely on receiving safe service at the chemist's counter.

BECAUSE scandalous conditions of labour are being imposed throughout the trade.

So bad that in many cases, in every part of the country, chemists are overworked to an extent that blunts the judgment and accuracy on which customers' safety depends.

Parliament has done its part to protect the public.

In both Houses it was emphasised that the Shops Hours Act would be justified if it did no more than control the working hours of chemists and thus shield customers.

So Parliament has legislated comprehensively to regulate their working hours to provide them with weekly half-holidays, to ensure that they shall be compensated by time off during the week for Sunday labour, and to control in their absence the employment of unqualified assistants.

Up and down Britain these essential provisions to minimise the possibility of weary chemists making fatal or harmful mistakes are being openly defied.

Most of the country's 22,000 expert chemists are assistants. Thousands of their employers are compelling many of them to work seven days a week, usually from 9 a.m. to 8 p.m., under threat of dismissal.

It is a sharp-edged threat. There are more trained chemists in this country than there is room for. Any advertisements of a vacant job, offering wages which a dustman would sneer at, will, in almost any district, produce a hundred applicants.

Unscrupulous owners of chemists' shops, knowing that labour can be easily obtained, are simply ignoring the Shops Hours Act.

Without Fear or Favour

Every town and county has squads of inspectors specially appointed to enforce this Act. They do so most thoroughly and severely on all classes of tradesmen—except chemists.

From almost everywhere in the country John Bull gets the same report—there is no supervision or investigation of chemists' working conditions.

The employers who are guilty of sweating are not only menacing the public but are competing unfairly with their fellow-tradesmen and the multiple-shop owners who loyally observe the Shops Acts.

One slip in dispensing, one act of forgetfulness to enquire for what purpose a preparation is to be used, may cause death to a customer and criminal proceedings against the chemist.

HOW CAN SAFE AND EFFICIENT SERVICE POSSIBLY BE EXPECTED FROM MEN WHO HAVE TO STAND THIS STRAIN FOR SEVEN DAYS A WEEK, FOR 75 to 95 HOURS A WEEK?

Fully one quarter of the chemists in Britain have to carry on under such conditions, and almost always with miserable wages.

It is a popular misconception that much of the chemist's job is machine-like work.

In the sale of even the simplest and most innocent medical supplies there must be unrelaxing vigilance.

In each of seven areas visited by a John Bull representative this week, recent evidence of doctors' lapses was produced. On paper, the errors seemed trivial.

Truth about Danger in the Chemist's Shop

But in five cases irreparable damage might have been done if the prescriptions had been dispensed as ordered.

In the other two, involving overdoses of tincture of stramonium and solution of strychnine, the results would have been fatal.

There is no other defence for the public than the chemist's watchfulness. It is dastardly that the law which seeks to preserve this safeguard by allowing him proper rest and leisure should be freely flouted.

Yet that is by no means the whole scandal.

Many chemist's shop owners who allow their qualified managers and assistants to work regulation hours employ as "relief" men for night duty, etc., unqualified staff who sell poisons and dispense prescriptions.

Again, you may enter a chemist's premises in the daytime and feel confident in the Pharmaceutical Society's diploma displayed. Often, the owner or assistant is completely unqualified. But that fact does not hinder him from illegally making up and selling dangerous potions.

THE only justification for the display of the pharmaceutical certificate is that a qualified assistant is engaged for perhaps two hours' work in the evening!

These things are done, particularly, in open breach of the National Health Insurance regulations, which require that a prescription must be dispensed by or under supervision of a fully qualified chemist.

Sir Samuel Hoare, the Home Secretary, cannot much longer allow menaces like these to continue unchecked.

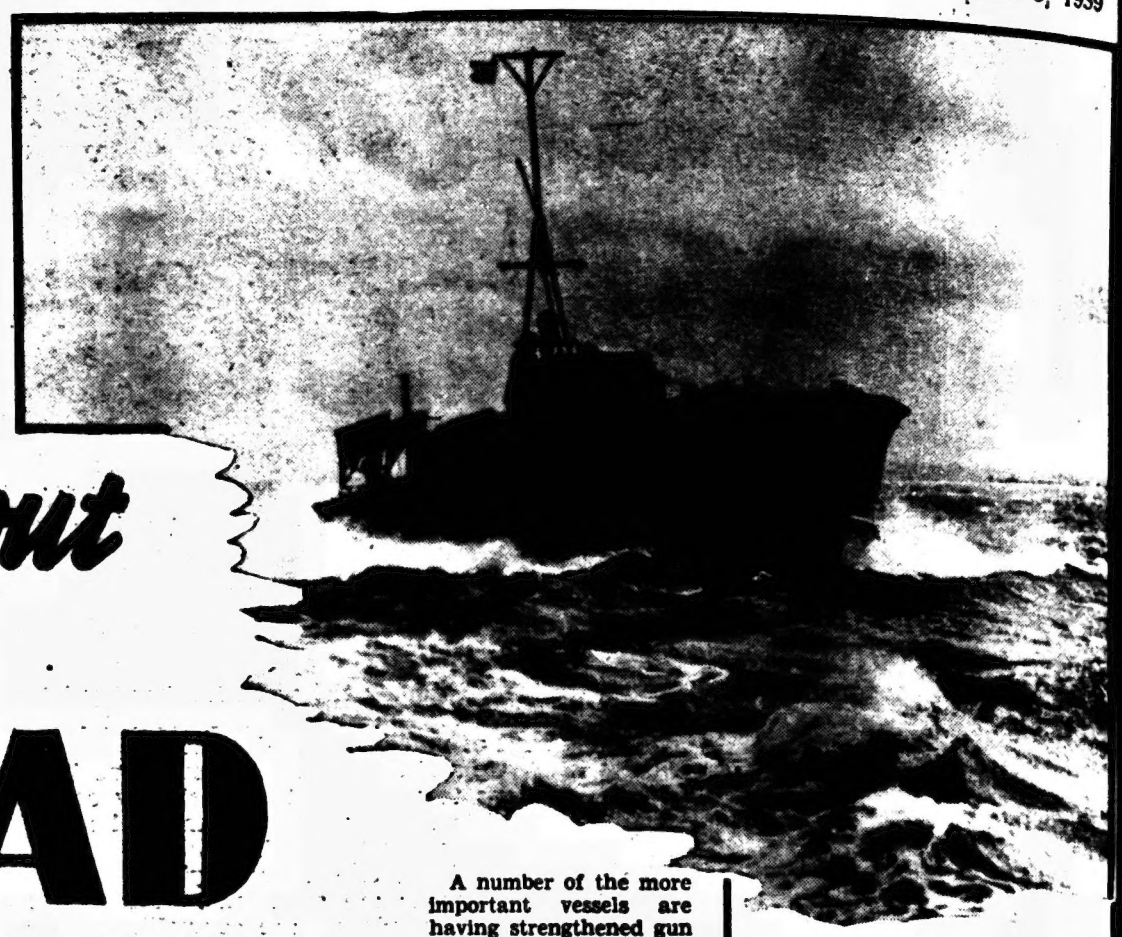
He should, as a beginning, have the law relating to chemist's shop ownership completely overhauled.

The ordinary member of the public supposes that the owner of a pharmacy must himself, at least, be qualified.

In a great number of cases he is nothing of the kind. But he can conduct the business by means of a legal quirk which allows him to register it as a limited company and to appoint a qualified chemist as a dummy director.

"JOHN BULL" CONSIDERS THAT THESE REASONS ARE SUFFICIENT TO JUSTIFY QUICK AND VIGOROUS HOME OFFICE ACTION FOR THE GREATER PROTECTION OF THE PUBLIC.

GOOD NEWS about the BAD NEWS



Britain is building an armada of high-speed defence ships to protect merchant vessels and ensure food supplies

HOW have our defence forces gathered strength since, in the lurid glare of the Munich crisis, Britain suddenly realised she was unprepared to meet the challenge of war?

Last week JOHN BULL told you part of the story. Since then a strong new bulwark against aggression has been announced.

First, the Territorial Army will add 40,000 recruits and reach its "war-strength" of 130,000. Then this strength will be almost exactly doubled—up to 340,000.

These figures exclude 90,000 who man the Anti-Aircraft home defence force, which has now received almost all its full complement of modern guns.

All parties welcomed Mr. Hore-Belisha's news of these decisions in the Commons, although they will cost us £50,000,000.

You should join in the welcome—and, if possible, "go for a soldier" yourself in the new Army, which enormously adds to Britain's power and prestige and which reaffirms the nation's determination to stick to the voluntary system.

Besides this fine news, there is more to hearten you in days of darkness and uncertainty—news which brings comfort when you face the question which eats at all our hearts, "What if Britain should be attacked to-morrow?"

First: we shall not be caught napping. Many readers write suggesting that enemy 'planes may cross our coasts without a second's warning, and rain their bombs on the homes, schools and factories, in an attempt to decide the issue by an undeclared and barbaric war of "frightfulness."

This cannot happen. British intelligence service abroad has now reached new records of efficiency.

MASS air raids sustained against Britain would need preparations on such a scale that our agents on the Continent would learn not only of the undertaking but of its object.

Probably we should receive at least two days' warning before the first raid was launched—anyhow, ample time to man all our defences.

Every minute of every day and night the Navy, R.A.F. and Army keep watch at certain key vantage points. So you can discount that nightmare of surprise.

We shall not suddenly be decimated by the most awful air raid in history, launched without warning or threat of war, literally "out of the blue."

Nor shall we, once the battle joins, be starved into surrender, as we so nearly were during the last war by submarines which sank merchant ships approaching our ports.

Vast stores of non-perishable foodstuffs have already been laid up. They were bought gradually by the Government through the agency of a few large firms.

Exactly where these dumps are cannot, of course, be disclosed. But they are gas-proof, bomb-proof constructions of great size.

Behind these stores of goods stands a world-wide skeleton purchasing organisation, planned by the Board of Trade with the patriotic help of the great British merchant houses. If war comes this body will start work immediately.

Towards the end of the last war Britain bought control of the world's wool. The advantages of this bold policy proved themselves at once—world prices were controlled, deliveries were regulated and profiteering against war urgencies abolished.

Our world purchasing agents' plans should enable them to complete similar coups in all essential commodities directly war breaks out.

Not only food and clothing, but metals, rubber, mineral oils and chemical products will be their quarry. They can guarantee that abundance of every necessary material awaits shipment to Britain.

But can we rely on sufficient shipping to carry the stores we need? It is certain that we have 5,000,000 more mouths to feed than in 1914, and 2,000 fewer British merchant vessels to sail the seas.

That looks bad.

BUT, AT LONG LAST, THE CABINET, CHIDED BY ALL PARTIES, BY MILLIONAIRE SHIP-OWNERS AND BY LABOUR M.P.S LIKE DAVID KIRKWOOD, HAS SAT UP, RUBBED ITS EYES.

Last week it announced its shipping subsidy plans. Britain will spend £28,250,000 by helping shipowners to fight foreign subsidised competition, by encouraging the construction of new vessels in British yards, and in buying up serviceable ships which would otherwise be scrapped, or sold abroad, for use in time of war.

PROBABLY the subsidy programme is not large enough to warrant re-opening those shipyards which have been closed as redundant in the past few years. But these yards will be quickly looked over, so that they can be quickly restored to full activity in an emergency.

The various subsidies proposed will, the Board of Trade believes, be sufficient to keep all present shipyards in full activity for the five-year period involved.

Measures for merchant shipping to defend itself against enemy submarines, aircraft or small surface craft are more advanced than shipbuilding.

A number of guns, up to six-inch calibre, are stored ready. Training of merchant seamen as gunners began last month.

A number of the more important vessels are having strengthened gun platforms added to them. No new craft will be built without such platforms.

Germany naturally remembers how near her U-boats came to winning the last war. So she concentrates on repeating their success.

She is building large numbers of small submarines of great efficiency. Nevertheless, our Admiralty believes that the Navy already has their measure.

We are producing vast flotillas of secret anti-submarine craft. We have perfected electrical apparatus to detect submerged U-boats with great accuracy. We are ready to arm and man an armada of yachts and fishing vessels to join in the hunt.

To-day the U-boat could not repeat its paralysing successes of the last war.

BUT what of aerial bombardment? Did not Mussolini's bombers sink British merchant ships in Spanish harbours with ease?

Certainly bombers can readily sink ships tied up by quaysides when their approach is not incommoded by anti-aircraft force. When the ships are at sea, and mount A.A. guns or are protected by those on a war vessel, the tale is very different.

In time of war enemy 'planes could not patrol the air over more than parts of the North Sea. We could certainly close the Channel—except for isolated raids—with our own fighter machines.

Vessels compelled to pass through the danger areas would be convoyed by such potent floating A.A. batteries that no enemy 'plane could return home if it once entered their field of fire. Most vessels approaching Britain, however, will be directed to our western ports.

Railway arrangements, docking facilities and emergency warehousing have been thought out carefully. If necessary, labour will be transferred from the East Coast, where there might be a surplus, to the West.

After twenty years Liverpool Docks may be working again at top pressure. Milford Haven will awake from its long rest.

Little harbours which have lain dreaming in the West Country since the days of Drake and Hawkins may once again help England in her hour of peril.

Scattered towards the west the Government has built several great ordnance factories. Others are being finished.

In one, more shells and bombs could be filled and completed than were dealt with in the combined factories of Britain at the end of the last war.

Part of each factory is to operate in peace time, manned by highly skilled experts.

At the outbreak of war, the peace staff would act as instructors for workers already earmarked for the jobs.

Machinery in these factories has been made so fool-proof and simple to operate that this training period need be only very short.

Those in charge of the whole scheme claim that the output of munitions can be stepped up much more rapidly than the expanded armed forces of war-time can be trained to use them.

THE first of these vast factories has already started partial work. The remainder will soon follow suit. The munitions they produce, and those which come from elsewhere, are being stored in the heart of the mountains, so safe that no bomb can come anywhere near them.

THESE STORES WILL INCREASE UNTIL WE POSSESS MORE THAN WE CAN POSSIBLY USE DURING THE FIRST YEAR OF ANY WAR.

In such ways as these the Government is pouring out your money by millions of pounds each day. In a sensible world the money would be wasted: the expenditure is sterile and barren.

But the world has grown mad.

One year's cost of our present war-preparation would rebuild Britain and rehouse those citizens at present forced to live unworthily.

Remember that, please, when you sleep easier in your bed at nights with the knowledge that Britain's might, and her preparedness to meet any attack, grow day by day.

Remember, too, that if war comes, it will solve no problems. We cannot advance civilisation except by joining hands in peace and common effort.

Perhaps we must fight another war before this can happen. But it must happen in the end.

Every other road leads to darkness and utter confusion.

What We Can Learn from MADRID

Spain was the testing-ground for the dictators' war theories. But the valiant defenders of Madrid have taught US one lesson—that the spirit of a staunch people cannot be broken by bombs.

Street scene in bombed Madrid. In the spells between air raids women went on quietly selling their vegetables

"*NO PASARAN*," they said in Madrid during that first winter of 1936. . . . "They shall not pass"—echoing the immortal slogan of the defenders of Verdun. And General Franco replied, "I shall eat my Christmas dinner in Madrid."

But now, after thirty-four months of siege, *they* have passed. The last bastion has fallen. General Franco *may* eat his Christmas dinner in Madrid—eight months hence.

Elegies are being written about one of the greatest and the longest sieges in history, but when all is said and done, when all the tributes have been paid to human courage and endurance—what is the meaning of Madrid's long martyrdom to us?

For there is a lesson, there is a meaning.

Spain was used as a testing-ground for the war theories and the weapons of the totalitarian countries.

Do not let us make any mistake about that. Political notions and coloured shirting were only incidental.

Primary object was to ascertain how quickly a highly organised civilised community could be brought to its knees by intensive aerial bombardment of its population, its arsenals, food supplies, transport, water and light supplies and all its machinery of living.

A certain General Douhet, an Italian, announced just after the Great War that the aeroplane had altered the whole strategic picture of the conduct of future wars. He said that air attack, sufficiently ruthless and complete, would write off any advantages in man power or wealth an "enemy" might possess.

His book—the "Douhet Theory"—has long been the special pet of the totalitarian countries. They tried it out in Spain against flesh and blood.

Theory Fails

Madrid has fallen, the Spanish civil war has ended, but the Douhet Theory has failed.

In November, 1936, a few days after the outbreak of the civil war, the theory was put into practice against Madrid.

Madrid has a population equivalent to that of Glasgow or Birmingham, and it stretches five miles between its outer suburbs.

For nearly three months it was the most heavily bombed city the world has ever known. During all that time there was not a day and hardly an hour when raiders were not overhead.

During November, 1936, there were thirty-two raids. Some, classed as single raids, lasted twenty-four hours. Once, more than 200 great Junker machines and Heinkels were flying over the capital unloading bombs.

Until the aerial bombardments ended in February, 1937, Government observers had counted 25,000 bombs. And they counted none that weighed less than 200 lb.

In addition the skies rained incendiary bombs. It has sometimes been said that Franco was gentle with Madrid—that he wanted to spare his nation's capital. But at the end of 1936 he delivered an ultimatum—surrender, or he would burn the capital to the ground.

It was ignored, and in two raids more than 2,000 incendiary bombs were dropped. On the roofs of the Prado, where the priceless art collections of Spain were housed, more than eighty were picked up unexploded.

24-Hour Raid

Incendiary bombing from the air has been a special nightmare to those who must devise our A.R.P. schemes.

Let them remember that this form of attack was found to be almost useless against the stone and brick houses of Madrid. In January, 1937, a full-scale incendiary raid was launched by German and Italian machines.

Government observers estimated that more than a dozen different types of "fire bomb" were used. They ranged from a few pounds to "medium heavy," all of them of foreign make.

The aggressors could not complain that the experiment was not complete enough. But it failed. On one of the raids, during which nearly 1,000 incendiaries were dropped, less than a dozen buildings were destroyed. Defence A.R.P. organisation, hampered as it was by lack of chemicals and damping apparatus, was yet sufficient to check the spread of flames

Ironically enough, one of the buildings which suffered most was the Liria palace, owned by the Duke of Alba, who was Franco's agent in Britain throughout most of the civil war.

Every other weapon of terror was used. But it was on the day and night of November 17, 1936, that the Douhet Theory had its grand try-out against a world capital.

For the whole twenty-four hours the sky was never without the sound of raiders' engines. At night they swooped in squadrons above the housetops dropping flares to illuminate the targets and to help the flash and glare of exploding bombs.

And what was the net effect? Madrid and its people, so far from being brought to their knees, lasted another thirty months.

And then they were not beaten by General Douhet and his theories of air terrorism, but across council tables and by internal division.

There are more points to remember about the period when Madrid and its living million were being used as a sort of test-tube of disaster.

Their A.R.P. was sketchy even by our present standards. Street lamps were painted blue against night raiders.

Militiamen enforced black-outs by firing revolver bullets against lit windows. Deep shelters had not been dug. The defences were a few feeble searchlights and not more than about a dozen ancient A.A. guns. There was practically no interceptor aircraft.

But by January, with cinemas and beauty parlours still open and with Madrid still going about its business, the shelters had been dug, searchlights installed and modern guns brought in.

Foreign Pilots

At Getafe, the Croydon of Madrid, a few squadrons of American, French and Soviet aircraft were established, manned chiefly by foreign pilots, British and French soldiers of fortune.

The intensive air raiding, faced with proper ground defences, protection of the civil population, and a striking force to answer, gradually dropped off. By February, 1937, it ceased altogether.

After the bombs—shells. After the failure of the "sudden mass attack" of Douhet's precious theory the slow attrition of timed shelling.

Heavy calibre guns laid by time clocks dumped great shells every half-hour into the centre of the city for more than a year.

According to Government records, up to November, 1938, a total of 15,000 shells of about 10-in. calibre had been fired into Madrid.

There was a diabolic subtlety about these tactics. The guns were laid towards many points. No man knew where the next shell would drop. A slow inroad on morale. But that, too, failed.

From the beginning in the winter of 1936 until a few days ago, when Madrid fell at last, the total number of *deaths*, from all the intensive bombing and the long months of steady shell fire, was 1,764. Those are the official casualty figures issued from Madrid.

Less than 2,000 deaths in thirty months of siege, during which every weapon of attack has been used to its ruthless uttermost! Three times as many die on the roads of Britain every year.

Subtle, Diabolic

And the moral? There is a double lesson from this record of the life and death of a city. Not the sentimental, easy comment about the courage and endurance of its inhabitants. Courage is the commonest of the human virtues. Most men live lives of quiet desperation. And he is a poor creature that will not fight for his home and the ideas which make him a man.

But first, the proof that Madrid has blazed before the world, and perhaps into the minds of the aggressors' staffs, is that even the limit in ruthlessness is not the certain military weapon it is thought to be.

And second—that determined defence, backed by elementary commonsense precautions, can still defeat every bogy that the aggressor can bring.

Simple matters like deep shelters, an adequate ring of anti-aircraft guns and searchlights, stopped all the "final" efforts of Franco's army three months after it had begun.

There is no easy way of success for the aggressor. Defence can still beat attack. That is the lesson of Madrid.

There are some defeats which are greater than a victory. And Madrid's tragedy may yet be democracy's gain.

We have been asked to say that Miss D. M. C. Hannan, of 191, Corporation Street, Birmingham, turf accountant, trading under the name of "Daisy Emerald," is not directly or indirectly connected with the concern which uses the latter name and which was criticised in the issue of March 11 last.

CANDID CARTOONS by Kem

OPEN LETTERS

Mr. G. C. TEBBUTT,
St. Ives, Hunts, Magistrate

YOUR WORSHIP,—In seven words you reveal yourself as a magistrate who should have lived a century ago—when all that a poor man could look forward to after a lifetime's toil was the workhouse or the grave.

Ex-soldier Frank Ashwell, aged seventy-four, lives in a two-roomed cottage on his old-age pension. Summoned for rates, he said that when he seeks work he is told, "Get out; you are too old."

Which prompted your comment, "You can always go to the workhouse."

Yes, men who fought Britain's battles, whose work has helped to make Britain prosperous, can be flung on the scrap-heap and treated like paupers in the evening of their years. But some of us think it would be more just if the aged were allowed to live in decency and cherished independence.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir JOHN COLVILLE, M.P.,
Secretary for Scotland

DEAR SIR,—The "hell-holes" of Wales are not more squalid than the slums of Scotland. A letter I have received tells of a house near Kilmarnock that is alive with rats, has no lavatory, and where drinking water has to be obtained from a cattle trough.

That is typical of thousands of dens in "Caledonia stern and wild"—most slum-ridden land in the world. And still your Department maintains its smug complacency. But if you were a big man, you would insist on the Cabinet launching a real rehousing drive or resign.—JOHN BULL.

Admiral Sir ROGER BACKHOUSE,
First Sea Lord

DEAR ADMIRAL,—A sailor was ordered a thousand lashes for a minor offence. He actually received 224 before he died.

I am reminded of such bygone horrors by your appeal to the Government to abolish flogging in the Navy. Of course, the "cat" is never used on the backs of Jack Tars nowadays, but it must be formally outlawed to remove an infamous taint from the country's proudest service.—JOHN BULL.

ERNEST PHILLIPS,
Beeston, Notts

SIR,—You are one of the handful of workshy rascals who give a bad name to all the unemployed.

On your first day as a temporary postman, you threw a bundle of letters over a hedge because you "didn't like the look of a snow-bound road" where you should have made deliveries.

I marvel that the magistrates fined you £5. Jail is the fit place for idle rogues, and I think the queue outside your local employment exchange will agree.—JOHN BULL.

Miss ELEANOR RATHBONE, M.P.,

DEAR MISS RATHBONE,—No doubt the school meals scheme is one of the finest ideas of our time. But, like so many other excellent ideas, in practice it is half-strangled.

Strangled by red tape, by an unfair means test, by the laziness or cantankerous opposition of local authorities.

Perhaps the deputation from the Children's Minimum Council which you introduced to the President of the Board of Education will induce Whitehall to "save the children" in earnest.

But I do not blame the mandarins of Whitehall so much as their underlings throughout the country—education committees who think in terms of pampering the poor and saving odd shillings.

To them the health of the youngest generation is of little consequence.

So we find that only a third of the children from workless homes are receiving free milk or free meals at school.

There are still 166 local authorities without any provision for free dinners. In secondary schools the charge of tenpence or a shilling per head means that poor scholars must go without—even though many have to make long journeys morning and evening.

Moreover, the food is often inferior in both quantity and quality. Finally, the usual ration of one-third of a pint of milk each day is inadequate.

There should be not only free milk and free meals for all underfed youngsters, but uniform treatment throughout the country.—JOHN BULL.

Sir ARTHUR MACNALTY,
Britain's Chief Medical Officer

DEAR SIR ARTHUR,—A Somerset woman was summoned for rates. She had refused to pay because the wells in her village were putrid, and the magistrate said he felt as strongly on the subject as she did.

Though clean water is urgently needed for clean milk production, the Langport rural district council has been discussing a proper supply for four years—and is still talking.

Well, that case is not uncommon. How I regret that you, who know the importance of clean water and clean milk in the nation's health, have not the power to override our laggard local authorities!—JOHN BULL.

Mr. ISAAC NORMAN,
Carlisle

DEAR MR. NORMAN,—I don't suppose you want a railway strike any more than the public does. But I sympathise with the loco men you represent for demanding joint action with the N.U.R. to secure a 50s.-a-week minimum wage.

Monstrous that, though the railways have paid £340,000,000 to bondholders in ten years, they deny a living wage to 100,000 men!—JOHN BULL.

Mrs. IRENE SALISBURY,
Benchill, near Manchester

DEAR MADAM,—You want 20,000 signatures to a petition; I hope you get more.

If the National Fitness Council is really determined to improve public well-being, it should at once make a grant towards the swimming-bath you want at the great estate of Wythenshawe.

After that, I hope you'll get shops and clinics as well. Above all, I'd like to see our councils cured of thinking that a housing estate without amenities is good enough for their rent-payers.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. JUSTICE HUMPHREYS,
Royal Courts of Justice

MY LORD,—The sentences on the I.R.A. gangsters are breathtaking in their merciless severity. Yet I cannot denounce them as excessive. Indeed, I admire the scrupulous fairness of your summing-up.

Let every Irishman who thinks there ought to be an Irish Republic be a patriot, you said. But when constitutional methods are spurned in favour of terrorism, then the Crown must step in.

Were it otherwise, no man's life would be safe. And your terrible but just sentences were therefore necessary in the interests of us all.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. OLIVER STANLEY, M.P.,
President, Board of Trade

DEAR SIR,—You make me dizzy. And I like it.

At long last, your "Save British Shipping Programme" appears—with plans to defeat subsidised foreign competition and to build up a reserve fleet of merchant vessels.

That's wonderful. But don't think me ungrateful if I remind you of that other urgent problem which has been neglected for years—the dumping of sweated foreign goods. Tackle that and I'll faint with astonishment.—JOHN BULL.

Red tape at its worst shows in every line of this shocking disclosure. "John Bull" has verified every fact before describing the

MARTYRDOM of MRS. JOHNSON

Faced with jail or the loss of her home, Mrs. Johnson is a victim of scandalous treatment

In two weeks, Mrs. F. Johnson, a widow, of Smallfields Road, Horley, Surrey, will be in prison or the contents of her humble home will be seized and sold.

If either of these things happens to her, all Englishmen should hold their heads in shame.

If Mrs. Johnson is put in jail or has her home stripped by the brokers' men, her suffering will be a triumph for that combination of bureaucratic bungling and obstinacy which is so largely paralysing social justice to-day.

Especially will every man and woman who has ever served this country in peace or war feel a sense of revulsion if Mrs. Johnson is allowed to meet the fate which has been so mercilessly pronounced on her.

Judge for yourself on the following facts, each of which has been verified to the hilt by John Bull.

If you accept them, you must agree that there has never been a more scandalous example of callous treatment of any woman in the years since the Great War.

HER husband, John Johnson, joined the Royal Navy in 1914 when he was sixteen.

As a youth he gave magnificent service—recognised in Fleet despatches—to his country. Soon he was a leading telegraphist in the naval service, and again and again he performed heroic work on many minesweeping expeditions and on food ships convoy work.

His proficiency was such that, after the war, the Admiralty invited him to continue in service with the Royal Navy.

He was appointed to the technical branch of the Shore Wireless Service and there completed twenty-three years' continuous duty.

Eighteen years ago Johnson married the woman who is now his widow. As Admiralty duties required, he and his wife moved from station to station on the British coasts, latterly with a son who is now nine years of age.

Before Johnson died he and his family were sent to Flowerdown, near Winchester, in Hampshire.

There they were compelled to occupy quarters which, without doubt, were unfit for habitation.

A converted hut, put up in war-time and afterwards floored with concrete, was their home.

Often Johnson and his wife complained to the naval authorities that the place was not fit to live in. The Admiralty officers responsible replied that nothing could be done to improve matters.

"Economy" was the excuse.

All that the authorities would do was to patch the linoleum on the bedroom floor. Beneath the linoleum were layers of sogged brown paper, smelling vilely with damp.

Water had to be constantly mopped up from the floors. Rain leaked through rotting walls and the badly fitting windows of the atrocious home. It overflowed even from rows of tins set on the window sills to catch it.

Appeals Ignored

Summer and winter, water ran down the walls of the living-rooms, which became green with thick mildew.

Often the door of this terrible Admiralty dwelling could not be used after a storm until someone opened a drain to let the water away.

Week in and out, water came through even the panels of the doors. Frequently, Admiralty workmen came to put in new pieces of wood to stop the damage.

For months Mr. and Mrs. Johnson's bedroom was soaking from ceiling to floor. Their appeals for something better were ignored. The Admiralty, they were told, could not afford the expense.

Now examine the medical history of Leading Telegraphist Johnson up to this point. There has never been a cleaner one in the history of the Royal Navy.

He was a fine specimen of healthy manhood. Many times he was chosen for representative Navy sides in football, cricket and tennis competitions. At the ports where he was stationed he was always given a place in the first elevens of the principal local football teams.

One fact above all else clinches the evidence of his complete soundness in health. For twenty-three years, Johnson had never for one hour or one minute, on ship or shore, been off duty on account of sickness.

NOT ONCE IN NEARLY A QUARTER OF A CENTURY HAD HE NEEDED ATTENTION OF ANY KIND FROM A DOCTOR.

One day recently Johnson fell ill for the first time in his life. Naval surgeons quickly diagnosed tuberculosis and found it was spreading fast.

He was removed to the Admiralty hospital at Haslar, near Portsmouth. Mrs. Johnson was told that, after a brief spell there, he would be sent to a State sanatorium for free treatment as long as would be necessary.

Then the Admiralty discovered that Johnson was only within six weeks of completing the period of service which would entitle him to retire on a pension of 36s. 4d. a week.

The naval authorities seem then to have decided to rid themselves of responsibility for him as quickly as possible.

They would not allow him to stay on in Haslar Hospital. They would not send him to a sanatorium, as had been promised.

Instead, without notifying his wife or seeking her consent, they took him to Surrey and placed him in an old poor law infirmary at Dorking.

Told to Leave

And Mrs. Johnson and her son were ordered immediately to quit the quarters they occupied at Flowerdown Camp!

Even worse was the demand which followed. It came from the Surrey County Council.

That body ordered her to pay 37s. 4d. a week for her husband's treatment and maintenance.

In vain she protested against her husband's degradation in a workhouse infirmary. In vain she maintained that he had contracted tuberculosis through being compelled to live under the abominable conditions enforced by the Admiralty.

She wrote to Whitehall, and pointed out that the cost of her husband's medical treatment should be the responsibility of the State. The Admiralty contended that the tuberculosis was not brought on by Service conditions.

In any case it was impossible for her to pay 37s. 4d. Her total income was only 39s. a week. She would have been left with 1s. 8d. to provide a home and food for herself and her son.

Six weeks later John Johnson died.

Although the disease which killed him was due to Service conditions, the Admiralty refused to pay his widow any part of the long-service pension he was within six weeks of receiving when he was struck down.

Tried to Protest

Surrey County Council has now joined in the harassing of the widow.

A few days ago they took her to court and got an order to compel her to pay £22 8s. for her husband's treatment in their poor law infirmary.

She told the court that the responsibility was not with her, but with the Admiralty. She clutched a laboriously written statement giving the pathetic facts of the case.

She tried to protest both against the refusal of pension to her and her child and against the amazing attempt to make her pay even for her husband's hospital treatment.

There was no sympathy for poor Mrs. Johnson. She was ordered to pay the £22 8s. demanded by the council before the end of this month.

If Mrs. Johnson does not pay, her small home, which she now maintains by taking in lodgers, will be sold up or she will be taken to jail.

That will be her reward for the years she spent by her husband's side as he served his country.

That will be her compensation for the loss of one who gave his youth, his manhood, his life to Britain.

Write to JOHN BULL about it!

Warning to Dictators

"THE dynamic force in contemporary Europe is the dictator. The stabilisers and peace-rallying points are the kings. Napoleon, a dictator who picked a crown out of the gutter on his swordpoint, overran Europe; but in the end a coalition of kings overran him."

This is the pointed warning to the dictators given by C. Patrick Thompson, famous journalist and commentator, in a powerful article in *Illustrated*, now on sale.

In "Cavalcade of Kings," Patrick Thompson describes how monarchies have collapsed and how they may once again be built up.

If ever Nazi Germany builds an Empire, who would be its Emperor? Read what Patrick Thompson thinks in *Illustrated*, now on sale, sixty-four pages, 2d.

Thousands Still Live in "HOLY DEADLOCK"

by a Barrister

who analyses the first year's working of the new marriage law, and declares that the high cost of divorce defeats Mr. A. P. Herbert's reforms

The marriage, perhaps, was a mistake, but what is the remedy?—

EVERY year about 330,000 hopeful young people get married in England.

One in every 26 of them, according to 1938 figures, goes to the Divorce Court for escape.

Not a big proportion considering that 1938 was the peak year for divorce—the first year in which the new law was working.

There were two divorces in 1938 for every one in 1937. Still the vast majority of marriages seem to have been made in heaven.

But were they? We shall have to see how the new Divorce Act works before we can answer that.

And, unfortunately, we shall have to admit that not all the marriages which keep clear of the courts are happy.

The "Holy Deadlock" that Mr. A. P. Herbert attacked still exists.

FOR IT COSTS TOO MUCH TO GET A DIVORCE.

Seventy years ago the proportion of divorces to marriages was about one to 70,000. But this by no means signified that our grandfathers and grandmothers got along better than we do.

Victorian marriages were permanent for a very good reason—it was practically impossible to break them. The Church alone was empowered to grant divorce.

And the principal task with which Mr. Herbert was faced in his marriage Bill in 1937 was to bring the code of seven hundred years ago more into line with life in the twentieth century.

Until 1857 the Church Courts were prepared to grant judicial separation when the wife was unfaithful or the husband cruel. But neither party was free to get married again afterwards.

Then, in 1857, the first Divorce Court was set up. A husband was allowed to divorce his wife on the ground of adultery alone.

A wife, however, could obtain a decree only on proving adultery *plus* cruelty or desertion.

NOT until sixty-six years later were these provisions extended, when in 1923 a new Act made adultery alone by the husband a ground for divorce.

The era of "Hotel Evidence" was started.

This was the morass in which Mr. Herbert found the divorce law. What difference has his reform made?

The appointment of two extra judges has had nothing to do with the Act itself.

In 1937 it took nine months from the time of submitting the petition for divorce to the date of the trial.

NOW IT IS POSSIBLE TO DEAL WITH DIVORCES WITHIN FOUR MONTHS, AND AT THE RATE OF 100 A DAY.

The new Act, however, has introduced profound changes in the law. Under the old law it needed three to make a divorce (except in nullity proceedings). Now the husband and the wife are sufficient.

Desertion as a ground for divorce has cleaned up the law to a great extent. The reign of the paid co-respondent—the lady in the hotel bedroom—is over.

Parties who hitherto preferred joint misery to joint degradation in getting private detectives to spy on, and hotel maids to speak about, prearranged acts of "adultery" are now glad to take advantage of the desertion clause.

In one case a husband deserted his wife over twenty-five years ago. She had to wait until January 1, 1938, the day when Mr. Herbert's Bill came into force, before she could find a remedy.

Denied the right to another marriage, she had been compelled to live in loneliness for a quarter of a century, bearing the name of the man who deserted her.

Now desertion, to qualify as a ground for divorce, must have continued for at least three years immediately before the presentation of a petition asking for a decree.

WHAT exactly constitutes desertion? Not always a separation of the parties.

One judge held there was desertion even though the husband and wife lived under the same roof. They occupied separate rooms with a separate entrance.

The Act, however, has brought one serious difficulty unforeseen by Parliament.

Separation Orders often contain a clause saying that the parties need no longer live together. And once this clause exists, legally there can be no "desertion."

THE RESULT IS THAT THE 50,000 MARRIED WOMEN WHO HAVE SECURED A SEPARATION ORDER OF THIS KIND HAVE RUINED THEIR CHANCES OF DIVORCE FOR DESERTION.

Nor is that the end of the wife's hardship. The husband may himself put desertion to an end and prevent the wife's getting a divorce by writing a letter, no matter how insincerely, offering her "a home." If she refuses the offer, her claim that her husband deserted her will be defeated.

Apart from desertion, two other new grounds for divorce have been created by the Act—cruelty and insanity.

What is "cruelty"? Recently, in America, a wife was granted a divorce because her husband snored. Is this possible in England now? It is not. The Courts are applying their old-established principles, and Mr. Herbert's famous Act has not brought Reno to Temple Bar.

There must be evidence of continued ill-treatment keeping the victim in fear, although it may be that a single act of gross cruelty will suffice.

Divorce on grounds of insanity has in many cases resulted in deadlock, for the simple reason that few doctors are prepared to take the risk of describing anybody as "incurably insane," and this is necessary under the Act.

Doctors get over the difficulty by adding the phrase, "in the light of present knowledge."

In one of the first cases in which a decree was granted on grounds of insanity, the marriage had taken place in 1896. Shortly afterwards the wife became insane.

The husband had not been allowed by doctors to see his wife for many years, and there was no prospect that he would ever be allowed to see her again.

Yet until the passing of Mr. Herbert's Bill, there was no release from his bondage.

And, since the Bill was passed, many other husbands and wives have sought, and found similar escape because of their partner's insanity.

The Act was severely criticised for the clause banning divorce during the first three years of marriage.

But already many newly-weds have found that judges have been given a very wide discretion. They can ignore the ban if they think it is rendered void by "exceptional depravity or hardship." For instance:—

Private A, a young soldier, while on active service, found himself deserted in the second year after the marriage by his wife, who went to live with an officer, taking with her Private A's child. He was given a divorce.

Married at noon, a wife was found misconducting herself with the best man at 4 p.m. The husband began proceedings for divorce (which were successful) the very next day.

Another sad case which turned out happily. A young girl became the victim of a scoundrel who forced her into marriage and drove her on to the streets in order to profit by her earnings.

Happily she came to be befriended and then loved by a man in an excellent business position. He wanted to marry her.

Write to JOHN BULL about it!

—Only the rich and the extremely poor can afford divorce

And a just Court exercising its discretion in her favour, enabled her to make a new beginning.

Divorce, then, has been made much easier, and the divorce law, which was sinking into contempt, has been raised to a more rational and equitable system.

Gone are the vile rackets, the sordid perjury of "hotel evidence," the throng of hired women and hired witnesses who turned the Divorce Court into a mockery.

But before these advantages must be put one big question mark.

A great many of the people who want to take advantage of the new law find that its reforms are completely useless to them.

For you can't have justice unless you come into court. And divorce proceedings is so expensive that only a small proportion of unhappily married people can afford it.

Only the rich and the extremely poor can get a divorce in England to-day.

FOR the average working man or woman the concessions of the new Act are a mirage.

By the "Poor Persons" system an applicant who can prove that—

His income does not exceed £2 per week;

He has no property worth more than £50;

He has a proper case,

can obtain a certificate admitting him or her to petition as a poor person. This means that court fees are remitted and solicitors and counsel work for nothing.

A petitioner earning up to £4 a week and with property up to the value of £100 may be allowed to come within the "Poor Persons" class, but any income over £4 a week excludes the privilege.

Judge the importance of the Poor Persons facilities by these facts:

Forty-two per cent. of petitions are made under Poor Persons' Rules.

During the ten years ending 1936-1937 16,000 "Poor Persons" were successful in obtaining a divorce.

If fees had been paid in these cases they would have amounted to £600,000.

There remains, however, the prohibitive cost of divorce for the majority of British citizens.

To-day the simplest undefended divorce costs the petitioner at least £40. A divorce on grounds of desertion, apparently easy to obtain, will in fact cost the petitioner from £60 to £90.

Insanity cases are far more expensive. On the average the bill is about £150.

The effect of the high price of divorce is to defeat the whole purpose of the new reforms.

And it will require an unusually stout-hearted reformer to tackle this problem which goes to the very root of the administration of British justice.

Sir WYNDHAM CHILDS' SPECIAL DOSSIER

Three Judges Back "John Bull"!

Skilful, practised and deliberate liars . . . some of them jailbirds . . . only way is to take them by the scruff of the neck and kick them out.

"Deliberate liars" said Judge Ruegg (left) of certain travellers employed by Rentit, Ltd. Judge Richardson (centre) advised "scruff of the neck" treatment for some of another firm's travellers. "A public scandal" said Judge Sir Artemus Jones (right) when facts in the guide book advertisement ramp were disclosed before him.

THAT'S how County Court Judges are lashing the scoundrel salesmen of certain firms dealing, among other things, in automatic machines and guide-book advertisements.

His Honour Judge Richardson has shown his disgust at Newcastle-on-Tyne and South Shields by ordering misled traders to pay amounts claimed at the rate of a farthing and a penny a month.

In one case the sum owing to Associated Distributors, Ltd., of Nottingham, was twenty-seven pounds, so it will take 2,160 years to pay.

The penny-a-month order on a claim of £6 10s. by the same firm will spread repayment over 130 years.

"I have," said the Judge, "had sufficient experience of Associated Distributors, Ltd., to be on the look-out. I advise small traders in the North of England to be careful in their dealings with certain of their salesmen."

They said anything to get the order, and the commission, he added.

Of the firm, he said: "If they employ these sort of people and get orders in this way they cannot complain about my judgments."

Certain travellers of Rentit, Ltd. (alias Automatic Salesmen, Ltd.), of 40-42, Oxford Street, London, W., were even more soundly trounced by His Honour Judge Ruegg at Stafford County Court.

"They get a woman, generally," he said; "they find them easier to deal with. They tell them all manner of things. Some of the men called travellers will do and say anything . . . deliberate liars.

"Some of them also, I believe, are jailbirds"

The defendant, who was sued for arrears on the rent of a pin table, stated that the firm had been shown up regularly in JOHN BULL and was a swindle from beginning to end.

Mr. Somerville Adams, representing the plaintiffs, said he did not suppose for one moment that the articles referred to his clients.

When the Judge referred to lying travellers, Mr Adams observed: "It is not the same company."

Strange! Records show that the directors of both Rentit and Automatic Salesmen are still H. J. Herbert and E. H. Cole and I can assure Mr. Somerville Adams that my articles have always referred to his clients, and in no uncertain terms.

"Nothing less than a public scandal," is His Honour Judge Sir Artemus Jones's opinion of the unscrupulous traveller.

* * *

It was the guide book advertisement ramp he was dealing with at Mold (North Wales).

The New Era Publishing Company, of Wembley, London (not to be confused with the New Era Publishing Co., Ltd., of Holborn, London, W.C.), sued a local builder.

Immediately a defence was entered that the advertisement was secured by a trick the company withdrew the action.

"Full publicity should be given to the shocking record of these people," said the judge.

"They constantly summon, and when fraud is pleaded never turn up in court."

He did not hesitate in giving judgment for the contractor on a counter-claim for five guineas he had paid on account.

His Honour said it was a pity the police did not take the matter in hand.

This is exactly what I have long been urging.

World-wide Crook Hoaxes Police

BEHIND the story of the prisoner who calmly walked out of Bow Street, London, police court is an even more amazing story of one of the wiliest crooks at large.

He had swindled his way four times round the world before he came to London with his wife in the assumed name of Sidney Bowman.

A detective from New York was waiting to take him back across the Atlantic to answer charges against him in all parts of the United States.

Twice already he had surrendered to his bail at hearings of the extradition application which he was resisting vigorously.

On the morning he vanished he turned up in the usual way and again reported to the jailer.

He then learned that larceny had been added to the charges against him and he realised that this made his extradition almost certain

Casually he asked the jailer if he could talk to his solicitor.

He was given permission and slipped from the waiting-room into the court—and then quietly walked out!

For nearly twelve months he had been plundering people in America before he fled to this country.

Passing worthless cheques was his master touch and he managed to live in grand style in addition to making many thousands of pounds of clear "profit."

He generally posed as a financier under various names, and when the New York police got on his track they discovered that he had been up to the same game in various parts of the world.

Police in several countries have now joined in the search.

When, on instructions from New York, he was arrested over here the police were anxious to keep him in custody, but he provided sureties and was granted bail.

Master of Bluff

DAPPER, full of energy, always appearing to have important deals on hand, Joseph Elmore needs watching very carefully.

He is a wizard at convincing people that he can put them on to profitable propositions.

For the last few months Elmore has been playing his nimble game of wits from various hotels in the West End of London.

In one of these, which he used a great deal until recently, he saw clients and discussed legal documents.

But he has to change his meeting-place frequently because he soon becomes known and often he leaves in his trail worthless cheques.

Many of the people he bluffs are brought to him by his dubious associates.

* * *

They include men who have been to jail for various offences.

At one time Elmore was an accountant of excellent repute, with offices at Croydon.

That was before he became acquainted with associates of the notorious Stanley Tanfield, now serving a long sentence for share-pushing frauds.

Tanfield at that time was, through a titled nominee, running a shady scheme to smuggle whisky and rum into America during Prohibition days.

Since then Elmore has been mixed up with several shady propositions

UP YOU GO

TABLETS at 25s. a box *to make you grow* is the optimistic offer of the Nurse Challoner Company, of Hyde Heath, Amersham, Bucks.

You have to send half-payment with order and balance in thirty days—if you haven't at last grown sensible!

I hope readers are sufficiently grown up not to send a farthing.

Shady Dog Dealing

ANYONE who owns a greyhound or wants to buy one should beware of tempting offers advertised from various addresses in Leicester.

Head of an organisation there is a man named Matthew Morris, and working with him are Mrs. Maud Proctor, her husband George Proctor, and Ralph Hulett, who joined them recently.

The chief address used appears to be Mrs. Proctor's home, 25, Aylestone-street.

By advertisements, always skilfully worded, payment in advance or substantial deposits are obtained, and in most instances there is considerable delay in sending the dogs.

All kinds of excuses are made. Favourite one is that the greyhound ordered had developed some minor complaint and is being kept until it is in good condition and fit for travelling.

One man in Durham who sent ten guineas had to wait three months, and he paid a further sum for distemper treatment.

The dog had been represented to him as being registered for racing, but he is still waiting for the registration papers.

Sometimes the dog is returned and then Morris or one of his confederates try to make out that it has deteriorated since it left their possession.

Therefore only a portion of the purchase money is returned.

When they buy dogs they have been clever enough to obtain delivery on approval, and when it was time to settle up they contended that the price asked was exorbitant.

Complaints have been received from all over the British Isles.

Morris, Hulett and George Proctor have all been in jail.

Public Benefactor

This week the £1 1s. goes to Mr W. Smith, of 3, Wilfred Road, Bolton, Lancashire.

If you know of any trickery or injustice you can help my crusade by sending me clear details.

The weekly award is made for information considered most valuable.

Mark envelopes: "Public Benefactor."

You Have Been Warned!

QUITE the most impudent type of begging letter I have ever seen is being sent out by a man giving the name of Leslie Smith and a Paris address.

"I am in frantic trouble," he wrote to a doctor in Scotland. "Please help me by *yourself* posting me £3 10s. by *return* registered mail."

These pests are busier than ever, so be on your guard.

* * *

SMALL tradesmen everywhere should be careful, too, of the increasing activities of certain debt-collecting agencies.

They will find there is endless delay in settling up, and instead of a small percentage charge, most of the money is gobbled up by supposed expenses.

One Birmingham reader is still waiting, after eighteen months, for debts handed for collection to The Allied Industrial and Commercial Accountancy Offices, of Corporation Street, Manchester.

Harry Garnet Ruscoe, who controls this concern, has been behind similar unsatisfactory organisations.

* * *

USING bottles which have once contained famous brands of soft drinks, doorstep salesmen are deceiving many housewives.

Tissue paper wrapping leaves only the label of the known brand showing and carefully obscures the name of the actual maker of a product worth only a few pence. It is sold for as much as 2s. 6d. a bottle!

* * *

THE National Christian Literature Society of Great Britain, Canon Street, Edinburgh, is still offering collectors 9s. out of every £1 they obtain.

In itself that is an indication of how much is left for books they profess to supply to hospitals. Other expenses make further inroads into the revenue.

Don't waste your money on them.

* * *

BE careful of piano tuners, particularly those who ask for a deposit and promise to return next day to do the work.

One man in the Seaton Delaval district, Northumberland, spoofed a number of people recently.

Having received varying sums of money, he has made excuse after excuse for not doing the job.

* * *

NEATLY dressed and looking pathetic, a cunning woman crook is up to her old games at Thames Ditton and near by, calling at good-class houses and asking for help.

Her story is that she wants to redeem her husband's suit from pawn so that he can start work after long unemployment.

Real name is Mary Rhodes, but she has a string of aliases and has several times been in jail.

Sir Wyndham Childs' Special Dossier (continued)

Queer Seance in Odd Church

Sir Wyndham warns readers of the dangers in a new form of "spirit healing" which is accompanied by clever showmanship

BY day a telephone operator in a London store, Mr. Robert George Bishop looks an entirely different personality by night in a curious church he runs in Duncan Terrace, Islington, London.

There, wearing a surgeon's white gown, he poses as a miraculous healer.

His transformations do not end there.

Beside his name on the door of his office in the converted workshop where this church has been established is written: "Yong Wong."

That, he says, is his Chinese spirit guide, but for healing he claims still another guide. Dr. Martz, a German.

Mystic assistants of this kind seem plentiful, because Stanley Charles Cutforth, a bus conductor, closely associated with Bishop, has a Chinese spirit guide, too.

* * *

Frederick Batt, a young printer, also connected with the church, does not appear to have one, but he helps with the healing which is supposed to take place.

Anyway, whatever the intentions of these three men may be, they have surrounded themselves with a great deal of tinsel showmanship.

People who go to their services most nights of the week, foolishly imagining that their ailments can be cured, no doubt regard it all as a very vital part of the wonder healing promised them.

If only they would think dispassionately for a few minutes, they would realise that if anyone did possess some superhuman gift for healing, it would scarcely be necessary to carefully conceal a gramophone which provides incidental music.

That is just one of the effects these self-styled saviours use.

Apparently, too, a most elaborate scheme of colour decoration is considered essential.

The walls are painted in lavender and the "altar" rails in garish kingfisher blue.

Four silver crosses are hung in the room, and the "altar" itself is banked with a profusion of flowers.

All very pretty, no doubt, but it did not help to impress my representative who attended one of the services.

Sufferers whose names are read out go forward to the "altar" rails and the three professing healers lay hands on their heads.

But the night my representative was there part of the proceedings seemed more like a music-hall performance.

There was a recital of music from the hidden gramophone, and the singing of a hymn followed by silent prayer for the sick.

Then the fun began.

A woman introduced as a spirit medium appeared on the stage, and in a twinkling she was in touch with the beyond.

Messages from dead relatives of people present at the service came fast and thick.

The astral bodies there must be very merry, because the congregation was convulsed with laughter by many of the messages.

All this hilarity did not appear to interfere in the least with the solemn contact the medium was said to have established with the spirit world.

Perhaps laughter is the secret of the healing. Messrs. Bishop, Cutforth and Batt are so anxious to pass on to mankind.

But, if so, it is puzzling to know why Chief Brother Bishop needs to deck himself out with a surgeon's white gown, or why there need be all the other display in the converted workshop.

Or why, merely because Brother Cutforth's spirit guide is a Chinese called So Ling, there should be a gilt sign in Chinese on the door.

If the three men behind this concern, which they call the Islington Church of Christian Fellowship, were frank, they would admit they have started just another branch of the flimsiest kind of spiritualism.

* * *

Time and again I have found it necessary to warn readers of the serious danger they risk in allowing themselves to be carried away by this tomfoolery.

There are people, whose opinions must be respected, who genuinely believe in spiritualism, but their seances are not conducted like the one my representative saw at this queer church in Islington.

And when mixed up with it are these healing claims, the grave menace is that frequently persons needing urgent medical attention delay consulting a doctor until it is too late to do much for them.

That is why I am sure the three wise men of Islington would do better to stick to their ordinary jobs.

Doing Good —Profitably!

RIGHTEOUSLY indignant at alleged suppression of birth-control information, a London company are circularising a letter which is merely an impudent cloak for selling their goods.

"As distributors of scientific publications of this nature we are," says the letter, "making a personal appeal direct to people of good will who resent dictatorial interference with private domestic affairs."

Request is then made for the names and addresses of friends who would accept a free copy of a booklet entitled "Planned Families."

Nothing much wrong with the booklet, but with it goes a price-list of appliances and goods. Righteous duty indeed! It is easy to see where their interest lies.

For obvious reasons I am not printing their name or their Great Russell Street address.

It is a great pity that there is no law to stop commercial concerns like this from pushing their wares in the guise of high-sounding public duty.

Anyone who receives the misleading letter should throw it in the wastepaper basket.

Humbug Cold-Shouldered

EL TANAH (real name F. W. Mitchell), biggest of all horoscope humbugs, has gone, but another self-styled prophet has sprung up in his Jersey, Channel Islands, haunt.

Professor Vasna is the name he glories in, and he opens his touting letters by saying that the name and address of the recipients were given to him by El Tanah Studios.

He adds that the studios went into liquidation some months ago—as if everyone who was unfortunate enough to have dealings with El Tanah did not know that!

The new Professor, stressing that he is a genuine Indian astrologer, seems worried that his earlier letters have brought no response.

"Your silence may be due to a certain diffidence combined with some anxiety," he states in one stock letter.

Since he claims to know so much he ought by now to have realised that horoscopes from Jersey are not particularly attractive since El Tanah fled.

An individual life reading for £5 5s. is Vasna's star offer and his literature is very reminiscent of the moonshine his notorious predecessor flashed about.

"God bless you!" is Vasna's signature wish.

Mine is "God help you!" if you bother with his nonsense.

Mr. Davies Fades Away

SHOPKEEPERS in Leicester, Hanley, Stoke-on-Trent and other Midland towns have been hoodwinked over a pretentious scheme that was supposed to bring them considerably increased business.

When they were approached by representatives of Allied Traders Federation, of Newton Street, Leicester, they imagined it to be an extensive organisation.

The proposition was that, in conjunction with a scheme of advertising in local guide-books, door-to-door canvassers of the Federation would secure new customers for tradesmen who became members.

Traders who joined were to pay the Federation 10 per cent. on all orders obtained in this way.

An initial payment of 52s. was also made to cover an advertisement in the guide-books.

Some guide-books were published, but the flow of extra trade never started.

When enquiries were made it was found that the Federation had faded away.

So had a man named Brian Davies, who founded it.

Just before he left Leicester some of his representatives had begun to call on tradesmen in the Bristol area with proposals for a similar scheme.

He might have been Premier

Arthur Greenwood "... too nice for a political leader"

HANNEN SWAFFER'S WHO'S WHO

This Week : Arthur Greenwood

WAS it ambition that made Arthur Greenwood, the boy, turn away from the wool factory in which his family had worked and become a pupil teacher when he was only fifteen? Was it ambition that made him, some years later, a really efficient teacher in a secondary school? I doubt it. . . .

Had Arthur Greenwood possessed real ambition, he would have schooled himself, and become ruled by a self-compelled discipline that might, one day, have made him Prime Minister of England.

Yet he is singularly selfless for a Front Bench politician. His good nature, which is abundant, has made him place his great qualities of heart and mind at the disposal of others.

He is, indeed, almost the most popular member of the Labour Party.

Good-looking, he is blessed with a delightfully charming Yorkshire wife, and a son, Tony, who became President of the Oxford Union, and is really a handsome and brilliant young man. For a political leader, Arthur Greenwood is "too nice." He has a presence, an excellent brain, abundant platform gifts, and—what is rarer still—great administrative ability.

But, instead of serving his own ends, as many politicians do, he has been at the call of all and sundry.

Indeed, to this day, Cabinet Ministers, though his political opponents, often consult him and take his advice.

It was a great day in young Arthur Greenwood's life when the Sidney Webbs, travelling Yorkshire to make social researches, came across the young teacher, and were so impressed with his latent abilities that they encouraged him to go in for public life.

He stood as Labour candidate for Southport, and then, in 1922, became Member for Nelson and Colne.

Although, in the debacle of 1931, he lost his seat, he is still regarded as "our Member" by thousands in the Nelson division.

HE is called "A. G." by everybody else—Ministers, town clerks all over the country, Civil Servants, personal friends and political foes.

It was as Minister of Health, all through the second Labour Government, that Arthur Greenwood left his mark on legislation. There are all over the country "Greenwood Avenues" and "Greenwood Roads," called after him by town councils which took advantage of his housing schemes.

Had he remained Minister of Health, the annual floods, which cost the country millions, would have gone for ever.

You would have seen, too, in the villages, modern homes instead of the picturesque and disease-ridden cottages which are breeding-places for germs.

His plans were ready. Then—well, the "National" Government came in.

I was turning over, the other day, Arthur Greenwood's speeches made on foreign affairs ever since 1931. Almost every word has, alas, come true.

He warned the country, week-end after week-end—and he speaks nearly every Saturday and Sunday night in the year—of how the dictators could not be trusted. Once the League of Nations was betrayed, he insisted, we should start going down the slippery slope that led to . . . Munich.

He foretold Austria. He foretold Czecho-Slovakia. He issued warning after warning about the results of the veiled support given to Franco.

MIND you, Arthur Greenwood is not always as serious as that. He has a sense of humour, although he spoils his oratorical arts by waving his arms too much.

Then, too, his House of Commons speeches would be more effective were they more prepared. Instead, Arthur is in the habit of helping others.

For years he used to go down to Transport House every morning and slave away, preparing memoranda and digging up the data for other people's speeches.

More than almost anyone, he evolved Labour's short-term policy. At a Labour Party Conference he is the careful negotiator behind the scenes, the man whose personal popularity settles many disagreements.

He had, indeed, tried for years to do too much. No by-election is complete without him. When, after the war, he worked in the Ministry of Reconstruction, he mastered the details of much that, since, has been worked out by other ministries.

That is why Cabinet Ministers now dealing with defence or war preparations, for instance, consult him. They have, at times, even got him to prepare memoranda for them.

His attacks in the House on Ministers contain no personal malice. Ofter he has stood up and sloshed Kingsley Wood as Minister of Health. Kingsley has just sat there and grinned. Then, a few minutes later, they have been seen together trying to work out some scheme of compromise.

It was the women of Nelson and Colne who got Arthur Greenwood back in the House. Defeated in their division in 1931, he became candidate for Wakefield soon after, much to their disgust. They wanted him to stick to Nelson.

Then hundreds of them went over in charabancs to Wakefield and worked for him, day and night.

They got him in. It was a proof of his almost unequalled popularity.

As for his humour, he replied to the Chamberlain quotation from *King Henry IV*—"Out of this nettle danger, we pluck this flower safely" — by reminding the House that, in the same play, Hotspur, starting with the words, "What ho, chamberlain," read a letter:—

"The purpose you undertake is dangerous; the friends you have made uncertain; the time itself unsorted; and your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of so great an opposition."

To-day, as Deputy Leader of the Opposition, Arthur Greenwood accompanies Clement Attlee on his frequent visits to the Prime Minister. They protest. They urge the formulation of a settled policy.

One thing they did force from the Premier was his pledge that, while he was Prime Minister, there would be no conscription in peace time.

CONSCRIPTION to-day, you know, would mean that the whole man power of England would be organised for a purpose which nobody understands.

If that were conceded, the trade unions, the great democracy of the country, would be hopelessly at the mercy of any caprice.

Fortunately for you and me, Arthur Greenwood has, at these little conferences, a habit of speaking his mind.

They Said It!

Human Machine

WISDOM has its roots deep in the origins of the human race. From the moment man learned to write, and so communicate his thoughts, science has done little more than confirm his instinctive assertions.

"As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he," said an unknown writer a couple of thousand or so years ago: and the very modern science of psychology has proved this assertion up to the hilt.

Professor William James, the first man to put the study of the mind on a really scientific basis, showed that consciousness was essentially a flowing stream of ideas, purposes, desires, aspirations.

He demonstrated that we—you and I—are free at any moment to select which idea we shall develop, which purpose we shall pursue.

A man's thoughts determine his character. Think evil and you will do evil acts. Once get into your head that the other fellow is a villain, and you will find your every action devoted to trying to get the better of him.

On the other hand, if you fix in your mind the idea that the other fellow is, like you, decent and kindly and well-meaning, you will find co-operation quickly displacing antagonism.

Since we *can* choose, we *ought* to choose. The point of view we take is our own personal prerogative. We can all be on the side of the angels.

Black Magic Still Lives!

- **Hiding away, perhaps in your street, secret societies are still practising the vile cult of satanism.**
- **Rich young men and women are snared, driven half-insane by the inhuman ritual.**
- **New police drives are needed to end the menace of this witchcraft mania.**

QUITE recently a woman known in the West End of London as "Lady Molly" attracted attention in a fashionable club by openly talking about weird Black Magic ritual.

One day friends, fearing something had happened to her, called the police to her flat.

The door was forced, and the woman was found praying before an onion, pierced with a knitting needle, and suspended from the ceiling over a large map.

Round her, lighted candles had burned low in little patches of tallow.

She exclaimed hysterically that she was praying to be forgiven for some transgression of the cult to which she had given herself.

This crazy cameo is no mere tragedy of an unhinged mind.

It is one of the rare glimpses obtained by normal people of the evil, depraved practices that flourish here in our midst under the closest secrecy.

LONDON hides most of it in unexpected places, but there are fanatical adherents in many other cities—men and women you would not suspect, bound by the most horrible oaths not to reveal this furtive, sinister side of their lives.

Doctors and clergymen in particular know its ravages. They know, too, how difficult it is to check.

Mr. Jasper Maskelyne, noted authority on the harmless arts of conjuring and illusion, has stated that every year many lunacies and suicides are directly caused by dabbling in satanism.

Through a hole he had pierced in the wall beforehand he once watched a revolting celebration, in an old garage, to "seal" a young man to the devil.

On the walls were paintings showing human beings in the grasp of a deformed coloured man.

Black candles were placed on a plain stone slab bearing rusty stains on the top and the sides.

Shortly before midnight about a dozen people entered and the door was locked and bolted.

Among the pagan rites indulged in was the sacrificial killing of a black cockerel by one of the men who had put on a goat-head mask.

THE youth who was being initiated had to drink some of the blood.

Strange incantations and the apparent chanting of charms in some gibberish language followed.

Presently all the lighted candles were extinguished.

Mr. Maskelyne didn't wait to see any more.

He had learned of the plans for this foul ceremony from a stage magician friend who, after breaking down in his work, had confessed to him that he had become a devil worshipper.

Many who are drawn into the web of filth are rich

Their money can furnish the costly trappings with which the indulgence of these black arts of the jungle are almost invariably surrounded.

Wealth, too, ensures the barrier of secrecy in houses which, to all outward appearances, would seem the last place to look for the loathsome orgies that take place there.

Until a short time ago a rapidly growing group met in a modest residence in a drab London thoroughfare.

Its actual location and the names of those concerned cannot at present be disclosed because investigations by Scotland Yard are still going on.

As usual in these cases, there is tremendous difficulty in persuading anyone actually present at the vile gatherings to make statements which alone would enable the police to take action.

This is only one of the many circles that exist and are constantly being added to.

Included in their closely hidden membership are not only young men and women predisposed to mental instability, but mature and apparently normal persons holding important positions in all walks of life.

With them morbid curiosity is often the original attraction.

They delude themselves that they can, by a little pretence of sincerity, become spectators of something which might be amusing.

In time, though, they find themselves being gripped more and more by the frightening manifestations of the inhuman ritual practised.

Everything in the whole disgusting business is calculated to undermine every safeguard of mental and physical control.

Often the fate of those it enslaves is more terrible than that of drug addicts.

Though it could not be brought to light, it was known that one young doctor who died mysteriously a short while ago was one of the most pitiable victims.

He had a brilliant career before him.

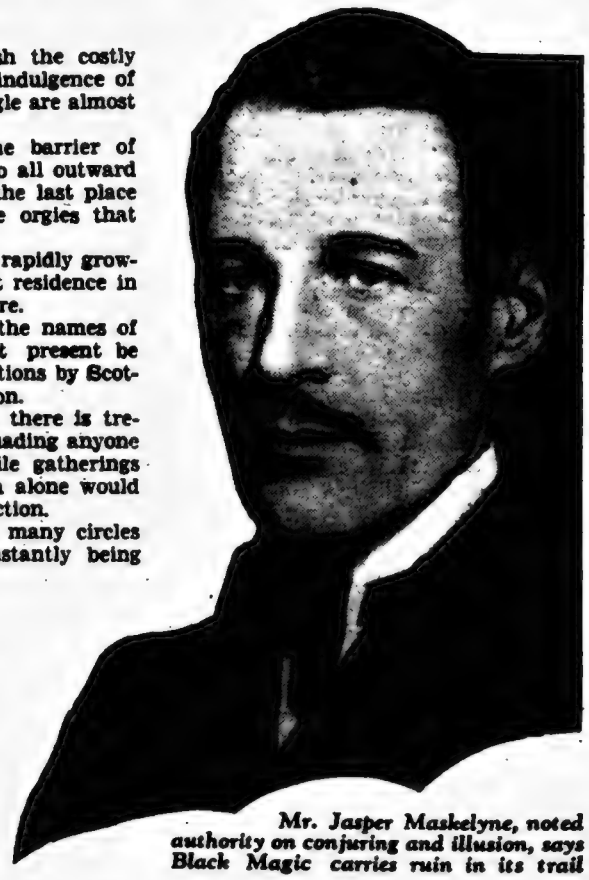
Caught in the abominable cult, he changed from a gay, care-free young man to a cunning, suspicious and demented human wreck.

Scotland Yard, when investigating the still unsolved murder of Captain Butt at Cheltenham, and the queer death of his friend Brian Sullivan, a young dancer, pursued the theory that Black Magic played some part in Sullivan's death.

It was discovered that he had attended some of the seances in London.

At an inquest at Westminster, London, not so long ago, Mr. Ingleby Oddie, the coroner, said that a woman named Augusta Erskine committed suicide because of fears that haunted her after meeting a man who dabbled in Black Magic.

The pretty fair-haired American woman, Lucy Ward, found dead in a saloon car in a Bedfordshire lane last November, was also believed by the police to have been a student of the cult.



Mr. Jasper Maskelyne, noted authority on conjuring and illusion, says Black Magic carries ruin in its trail

Only a few months ago, too, a seventeen-year-old girl named Severina Caserto threw herself into the river near Avignon, in France.

Shortly before she had been rescued by detectives from a house where an amazing orgy was in progress.

A MIDDLE-AGED woman was dancing in the middle of the room and brandishing a long pair of scissors.

Prostrate on the floor were four other women and an eight-year-old child, all naked.

In one corner an elderly man lay with a cloth over his face and surrounded by guttering candles.

Opposite him, in another corner, was a younger man grasping a lock of hair.

Ridiculous though it all may seem, this witchcraft mania is a real menace, more insidious than ever in these days of stress and strain.

It is only a few years since the world was shocked by disclosures in a High Court action in London involving Aleister Crowley, the degenerate poet and oculist who revelled in calling himself "Beast 666."

His activities reached their pinnacle when he established a strange Temple at Cefalu, in Sicily.

Behind the doors of this infamous abode dreadful rites were performed.

In the end the arch-degenerate was kicked out of Italy.

When a famous woman novelist unmasked his den, Crowley sued her for libel, and it was then that some of the most sensational revelations ever made in a British Court of Law caused people to shudder with horror.

"I thought," said the late Mr. Justice Swift, "that everything which was vicious and bad had been produced before me at one time or another, but I have found in this case that we can always learn something more if we live long enough.

"Never have I heard such dreadful, horrible, blasphemous, abominable stuff as that produced by this man who describes himself as the greatest living poet."

Later he found himself in the dock at the Old Bailey charged with being in possession of letters alleged to have been stolen from an artist's model who had been called for the defence in the libel case.

HE was bound over for two years and ordered to pay up to £50 of the costs of the prosecution.

Another insight into Crowley's mind is the statement he made in a series of articles published under his name.

"I have," he wrote, "known instances where young girls have been found murdered, drained of their life-blood by a vampire. On at least two occasions I have seen vampires."

After he was bundled out of Sicily and returned to London to try to continue his odious mission, JOHN BULL denounced him and declared again and again that it was a public scandal that he should be allowed to remain at large in this country.

Since he was made bankrupt about 1935, with liabilities of £5,000, little has been heard publicly of this monster, but he is still in London.

Recently the French police pounced on a devil-worship temple and found lists of followers from many parts of Europe.

A large number of the names and addresses were British.

The haunt lay at the back of a grocery store, in a small village on the main Dieppe-Paris road. In a large room, fitted out in the most diabolical way, was a collection of crosses, pillories, leather-thonged whips, torture chairs, and many other black art implements.

Devotees were secretly advised of special ceremonies.

They arrived under cover of night from various countries and the orgies arranged would last for several days at a time.

FREQUENTLY an Englishman, regarded as a "bishop" of the cult, went there from Britain to celebrate special masses.

In London only a few months ago, when a particularly sordid case was heard at the Old Bailey, Scotland Yard detectives disclosed that, in addition to the sexual crimes alleged, there was a strong element of this debased devil worship.

That is one of the most distressing sides of the wretched business.

Perversion of the worst kind often goes hand in hand with it.

Difficulty in catching the participants red-handed is obvious, but the practices have become so widespread again that, despite all the obstacles, the police authorities should make a new and determined drive to sweep away the whole shocking evil.

THIS IS WHY MUSSOLINI IS WORRIED

"I can strike quickly, but..."

MUSSOLINI, crying "Woe to the Weak," stands shoulder to shoulder with Hitler, trumpeting his contempt of Britain and France.

The Axis is indestructible, he says. Yet there are strange inconsistencies in his attitude nowadays.

When Britain, France and Russia began to talk of an alliance, he did not take up with enthusiasm the German chorus of "encirclement."

Hitler's walk-over in Czechoslovakia did not seem to him worth a congratulatory telegram. Dutifully, Franco sent one.

As Hitler strides on, Mussolini becomes more silent.

Beneath his arrogant front a new respect is noticeable towards France. He may rant and roar, but he takes France very seriously.

JOHN BULL believes that Mussolini is in a tight corner. He is threatened with disaster.

What is Il Duce really thinking?

Supposing he could afford to take the world right into his confidence. Put yourself in his place, see his problem through his own eyes.

Here, based on a close study of all available facts and an analysis of his own utterances, is an imaginary account of what Mussolini would be bound to say:

I have often reminded you that I am a realist. There is no crack in the iron façade of the Axis Powers. But when I look behind that façade I'm not only worried but alarmed.

* * *

UNDER my thumb are 44,056,000 people, a figure which, thanks to my regimentation of Cupid, includes 1,031,193 births recorded in 1938.

Ostensibly the people are solidly behind me, speaking with one voice—mine.

With this Unity I can strike quickly, move at a pace which leaves Democracy gasping. I will not tolerate unemployment, providing instead work in such quantity that Italians abroad are now being paid a bonus to return and take a job in the homeland.

I am not so inept as to allow 2,000,000 men to rot on a non-productive dole.

There lies the weakness of Democracy, and our strength.

But I realise that Italians as a whole have no stomach for conquest.

A secret census of public opinion I ordered my lieutenants to take early this year revealed that the nation is tired of military adventures, and, after Spain wants a rest. The feeling was particularly strong among women.

THEY are right. Italy must have, as I have said publicly, a long period of peace to allow her to develop her programme at home and abroad, and to replenish the nation's financial reserves.

The profit-and-loss account doesn't make pleasant reading.

In three years and nine months Italy spent £330,000,000 to pay for rearmament and the development of the Abyssinian empire.

I must get money somewhere. But it cannot come from the people; taxation has reached its limit. A 10 per cent. capital levy last year on Italian stock and all Italian companies yielded £48,000,000. It cannot be repeated.

The standard of living is low and is still declining. Italians now have "war bread."

The people are not complaining—yet. But already I detect a weariness, a lack of enthusiasm for my successes.

There is no doubt that the Abyssinian conquest has been a failure. We hold only the towns; it is unsafe for our nationals to venture even a few miles out of Addis Ababa.

Businesses are closing down, food is scarce, part of our big road-building scheme has been abandoned for lack of money.

Abyssinia, apart from its strategical value, is a millstone round our neck.

I want peace to recover from that setback.

During the fiscal years 1938-40, Italy is nevertheless finding £100,000,000 for armaments.

If we are embroiled in war for supremacy in the Mediterranean, what are our prospects of getting raw materials?

Self-sufficiency for Italy is a sheer impossibility. She lacks coal, petroleum, cotton, copper and other essential war commodities in anything like adequate quantities.

When Hitler virtually monopolised Rumania's oil wells he largely solved his problem, but aggravated mine. Now it looks as though Germany will take the bulk of the oil produced and, under her comprehensive trade agreement, will drill and exploit new wells.

Germany strengthens her hold on Italy by what is, in effect, the control of this vital source of supply. And without oil the whole war machine is so much costly scrap.

Nor am I happy about the Mediterranean.

I believe now that the strategical advantages in the Mediterranean lie with me. Give me Tunisia, neutralise the great French base at Bizerta and my hold would, I think, be complete.

But secretly I should have been surprised if Daladier had agreed to hand over Tunisia.

Last year Hitler and I watched 200 Italian warships manœuvring in the Gulf of Naples. It was an impressive demonstration of Italian naval strength, a heavy hint to Britain.

But Britain did not seem too impressed.

The British Mediterranean Fleet is overwhelmingly superior in fighting strength. Italy has sacrificed armour for speed in many cases.

Even if Britain were driven into the western half of the sea, even out of the sea itself, she would still not starve. She would use the Cape route. If the Italian fleet were driven off, my country would face starvation.

SUPPOSING Turkey teamed with Britain, France and Russia, opening the Dardanelles to let the Russian Fleet out of the Black Sea? That is just one of a number of unpleasant possibilities.

Now I come to what I consider the greatest potential menace to the safety of Italy and myself.

In Northern Italy are 250,000 German-speaking South Tyrolese. An accursed gift from the Allies after the Great War.

Always I have kept a tight hand on these people; my officials have given them fewer privileges than other German minorities have enjoyed.

Hitler remains silent, but with each of his successive triumphs the bulk of them have become more excited.

When Hitler and I meet we avoid this topic.

To think that when we first met in Venice in 1934 I was annoyed because he wore an ordinary lounge suit and trench-coat instead of a uniform! He was an upstart, not quite up to standard, I thought. But now the man puzzles me.

As he marches on through the Balkans my influence there declines. Now his eyes are on Yugo-Slavia—another of those all-in trade agreements. Soon he will be on the Adriatic seaboard.

HE is claiming "protection for the whole of the ancient German Empire." I am not forgetting that Empire included the northern half of Italy!

Though he has repeatedly pledged the inviolability of the frontier I cannot trust him, for do not both of us regard promises as mere weapons of diplomacy?

Guns, ammunition, German technicians are crossing the Brenner, ostensibly to give help.

Goering on holiday here. Ribbentrop and Goebbels coming, also on holiday. Germans "stiffening" our troops in Libya.

It is not too healthy if ever the "indestructible" Axis should crack.

I, Mussolini, want my share of the booty. Up to now Germany has done all the taking. Now Hitler says, "Your move, partner," and I know that any step I take is almost certain to conflict with vital French or British interests, with a big risk of starting a large-size flare-up.

I don't want that responsibility. Italy yearns in her soul for peace. Whatever happens to Germany, Italy in a war would be doomed.

So, with my people against war, my lack of money, with the growing threat of complete subservience to Hitler, I must strive to avoid being manœuvred into a position where war becomes inevitable.

Can you wonder that I am alarmed?

"Greatest of These..."

ON a few shillings a week Mr. Merry, a Duncroft ex-Service man, is trying to keep his sick wife in warmth and comfort. Though he is over sixty, he hopes to get a job.

But in his heart he knows that jobs don't often come to men of his age. So he struggles on.

Since Christmas his wife, who is an old-age pensioner, has been suffering from bronchitis and asthma. Mr. Merry knows that good fires and nourishment are essential if she is to get well. But his unemployment benefit is only 19s. 6d., and 10s. 6d. rent has to be paid each week.

The Vicar of the parish writes: "I can certify to his good character and to his great need for your kindly consideration during the hard time through which he is passing."

Just now Mr. Merry is wondering how he can possibly pay two weeks' arrears of rent. Will you send something to help?

Donations should be earmarked "1914." Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Will you help them?

Lists of donations are kept at the JOHN BULL Office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application. We gratefully acknowledge £1 from "One who is more lucky."

Roffe Thompson Says:

I Appeal to Mr. Chamberlain!

NOW is the time for some very plain speaking. Unless the men and women of Europe listen to the truth, understand that it is the truth, and make up their minds to act on it, no power on earth can save them and their children from destruction.

To-day all Europe is standing to arms. To-morrow—unless the only possible alternative is taken—the whole world may flame to chaos.

What is the alternative? It is a Peace Conference, this time with all the cards on the table, all the grievances stated, all the problems tabulated.

It is a Peace Conference attended by representatives of every country in the world. It is a Peace Conference before a world war, instead of after it.

Is that such a very dreadful thing to suggest? Is it really such an unthinkable idea that problems that would, in any case, have to be settled round a table, should be so discussed and settled without slaughtering millions of human beings as a preliminary?

The Tommy of 1914-18 learnt that war is bloody, senseless murder. Did the statesmen learn, too?

It may not be "diplomacy" as the politicians understand it. It may not be "statesmanship" as understood in the secret councils of the Cabinets of Europe. But it is horse-sense.

I get very tired of people who think — and say — that Europe's troubles are due to Hitler.

It is putting the effect before the cause. For wrong thinking in the past has put Hitler in power in Germany and Mussolini in power in Italy.

British and French statesmen have created these dictatorships as surely as Frankenstein created the monster that eventually wrought his ruin.

I spent many weeks in Germany just before Hitler seized the reins of government. I lived in the homes of the people and everywhere I went I saw poverty and misery and despair.

"Of course Hitler is coming to power," everyone told me. "He is inevitable. We don't want him. We don't like his ideas. But what can we do? He is the only man who is prepared to do something. We can't go on like this—and where else is there any hope?"

WELL, the rest is history. Hitler came and Germany is a nation once more.

I am not defending Hitler. I don't like the Nazi political philosophy any more than you do. I don't like the Nazi methods any more than you do.

But I'm not going to join in the international bawling match of abuse that helps no one and gets us nowhere. I'm going to try to keep my sanity if all the rest of the world goes mad.

Nor am I going to shut my eyes to the fact that the dictatorships are conquering the world without firing a shot. Do you dispute that? Well, look for yourselves!

TALK BEFORE YOU FIGHT!

Every country in the world has adopted their idea that force is the only argument with which to settle disputes. In every country there is a feverish rush to build more ships, more tanks, more aeroplanes.

France has made M. Daladier a dictator. Britain is torn with dissension over conscription. Gloss it over how you like, the ideas and the ideals of the totalitarian States are being thrust down our throats.

Where is it all leading us? It is leading us to WAR. It is putting the world headlong on the slope to destruction.

LET me say it again. We can either sit round a conference table with Germany and Italy, or we can make war on them. There is no other choice.

And supposing we make war on them? We can pursue that war for five, ten or fifty years—and the end of it will still be a conference round a table.

There is not a country in Europe in which the entire population would not say "Yes" to the question: "Shall our statesmen settle all our problems without fighting?"

Why isn't that question put? Because there isn't a man big enough to put it.

I listened to Mr. Chamberlain when he spoke at Birmingham. When he finished I wished from the bottom of my heart he had kept silent.

It was, I swear, the speech of a man whose heart wasn't in his words. He knew he should be saying something very different. For the moment he was worn out by the battle between his convictions and his conscience.

No one knows better than Mr. Chamberlain that war settles nothing. I believe in him. I believe that he is a Man, and that he could, if he would, give the world such a lead that it would have no option but to follow.

The war that failed to end war cost the lives of 10,000,000 men and boys; and these were only the casualties among the men under arms.

At least 6,000,000 children were left fatherless. At least 5,000,000 women were left husbandless.

The material destruction was beyond human power to calculate. Even if another war is averted, you and I will never escape the consequences of the last one.

We are still suffering from its effects, and we shall do so till the end of our lives.

It has taught the ordinary citizen that war is bloody, senseless murder, capable of achieving nothing but the intensification of the fears and the hatreds and the antagonisms that it is supposed to cure.

But it hasn't taught the statesmen and the politicians that.

Some want a "preventive" war—that is, they want to attack Germany before she attacks us; some want to build up such a ring of nations round Germany that she will be helpless.

Some want a declaration of defiance against the dictators without an actual declaration of war; the Archbishop of Canterbury wants a declaration of the Christian Churches against war.

They want everything except the only thing that will save the world from war—a world conference to discuss and agree instead of a post-war "conference" to dictate.

I am writing, as I have always written, for the common man and the common woman.

They want to live their lives in peace. They want to enjoy their homes and their families. They are not interested in problems of high politics or in matters of high finance.

They are simple folk who hate no one and are friendly to all. They exist in countless millions all over the world.

I am not going to be muzzled by anyone, and I am not going to listen to anyone who tells me that Germany and Italy are inhabited by a race of devils.

I know it's not true. I know that they are inhabited by people just as human and just as likeable as you or me.

That they can be swayed and deluded and misled by those who govern them I do not deny. So can we. So *are* we.

That's the problem we have to solve. Our task is not to blow human beings to bits, to kill millions of men and women and children to prove our belief that a democracy is better than a dictatorship.

Our job is to hold on to whatever sanity is left to us and do our utmost to get it translated into practice.

Can it be done? I don't know, but I know that it can be tried; and I know that up to now no one has tried.

FOR God's sake let Mr. Chamberlain be the Man he is. Let him stand up and keep shouting aloud to all the world that he is prepared here and now to sit at a table with anyone to see if the problems that divide the nations can't be solved.

What are they? The right to live, the right to trade, the right to produce. Surely mankind is not so bereft of wit that it can't see the alternative to such a discussion?

Let us for the first time in the history of the world make a sincere effort to remove injustice from our lives. Then those whose most potent weapon is the cry, "I will deliver you from injustice," will find themselves bereft of their power.

The British Empire is strong enough to take the lead in this effort to save the world. Is it big enough? I think so.

Over the heads of his Cabinet, his military advisers and all his horde of political hot-heads I appeal to Mr. Chamberlain to implement the hopes he raised in his momentous statement to the House last week.

If he succeeded his name would go down to history in a blaze of glory that no man has yet known. If he failed . . . but I think he wouldn't fail. The men and women, aye, and the very children in every country under the sun would see that he didn't fail once he had sounded the call.

WHICH WA

A "ring" of nations agai century Crusade? Anoth are poured out, bewilder

On these pages two c give their answers. They that JOHN BULL claims

TO PEACE?

...he dictators? A twentieth ...ar to end war? Solutions ...nd contradictory. ...rated JOHN BULL writers ...k with the same freedom ...tself.

At every Nazi demonstration the idea of German world conquest is instilled into the regimented people

A. G. Gardiner Says:

Keep Out of Fool's Paradise

THE aims of Hitler and the methods by which he is accomplishing them are now so naked that even the stupidest of his dupes in this country are shaken out of their complacency.

We are witnessing to-day the fulfilment of one of the most remarkable prophecies in history.

It was made just over a hundred years ago, long before Bismarck had consolidated Germany and when the German race was still divided into a score of little kingdoms and principalities.

The prophet was the greatest of German lyric poets, whose name, because he was a Jew, is now blotted out of the literature of Germany. His marvellous songs, the famous "Lorelei" among them, are declared to be "Anonymous," the work of an unknown writer.

For the pagans cannot kill the songs though they can deny the singer.

This is what Heine wrote in 1834:

"Christianity has occasionally calmed the brutal German lust for battle, but it cannot destroy that savage joy.

"And when once that restraining talisman, the Cross, is broken, then the old combatants will rage with the fury celebrated by the Norse poets. . . .

"Then the old stone gods will rise from unremembered ruins and Thor will leap to life at last and bring down his gigantic hammer on the Gothic cathedrals.

"Do not smile: it is no mere fantasy. German thunder is truly German. It takes its time, but it will come.

"And when it crashes it will crash as nothing in history crashed before. Never doubt it. The hour will come."

The hour has come and the man, and Thor's hammer is shattering not only the cathedrals of the Christian faith but the whole structure of Europe and the fabric of freedom throughout the world.

For six years we have dwelt in a "fool's paradise."

The crusade of the pagan Thor was so incredible, so maniacal, that sane men might be excused for thinking it was the delirium of the madhouse, though the Governments of the world can never be excused for failing to realise that madness, especially when armed with all the devilish weapons of science, must be put in a strait-waistcoat.

They slept lazily on their benches, deaf to the warnings of doom that sounded in their ears, and now that the whole terrific plot is unmasked they are hastily seeking a policy of collective defence which ought long ago to have been in action.

LET us do Hitler justice. His plot is maniacal, but it is sublime in its scale and in the fury and intensity with which it is prosecuted.

IT IS NOTHING LESS THAN THE CONQUEST OF THE WORLD BY THE GERMAN RACE, AND THE SUBJECTION OF THE WHOLE OF MANKIND TO THE UNCHALLENGED DESPOTISM OF THE LEADER OF THAT RACE—THAT IS, HIMSELF.

Paganism is to triumph over Christianity, barbarism over culture, force over freedom—not in one country alone, nor in one continent alone, but everywhere.

Nor can we deny the astonishing cunning and thoroughness with which this astounding programme is being implemented.

In the furnace of his insane frenzy Hitler has forged Germany into the most tremendous instrument of war the world has ever seen.

He has crushed out all internal resistance by assassination, arson, plunder and persecution.

AND while conquering Germany he has spread throughout the world the spies and creatures destined to prepare the way for his future conquests.

There is not a country where his agents, disguised as newspaper correspondents, or stewards on his ships, or servants in the household, are not plotting to Germanise the world and make this inspired madman the potentate of the earth.

Even sham refugees are doing his work, as the police well know. Wherever there is trouble, whether in Palestine or in the outbreak of I.R.A. terrorism here, his bellows, worked by the unspeakable Goebbels, are fanning the flames.

Do not smile: this is no mere fantasy, as Heine said. It is the bare truth which we shall ignore at our peril.

What emerges from it?

THIS, FIRST: THAT THERE CAN BE NO PEACE IN EUROPE OR IN THE WORLD WHILE THIS MAD DOG IS UNCHAINED.

This, second: that every surrender to him strengthens his arm and makes the ultimate challenge more difficult, and the cost more terrible.

This, in the third place: that we cannot escape the doom by burying our head in the sand and mumbling "No concern of ours."

Let him have Austria: "No concern of ours." Czechoslovakia: "No concern of ours." Poland: "No concern of ours." Lithuania, Finland, Spain: "No concern of ours." Holland, Denmark: "No concern of ours."

Dunces, do you not realise that the whole British Commonwealth is being shaken to its foundations?

Do you not see that in one short year the prestige of this country has been shattered and its security menaced as it was never menaced even in the days of Napoleon?

Will you not see until Hitler's despotism extends from Holland and the Baltic to the Mediterranean, that every pillar that he brings down is a pillar of the British Empire?

And have you yet to learn that the destruction of that Empire is the ultimate goal to which he is driving?

IF IT IS SAID THAT IN WRITING THUS I AM PREACHING WAR, I SAY THAT THE ONLY CHANCE LEFT TO US OF PRESERVING PEACE IS TO MAKE A FIRM AND INFLEXIBLE STAND AGAINST THE ATTEMPTS TO CONQUER THE WORLD BY THREATS.

IT is because the cause of peace and law and justice in the world has been deserted by those who should have been its guardians that we have reached the present desperate pass.

At every stage of events from the invasion of Manchuria in 1931 onwards there has been craven surrender to aggression, and at every surrender the appetite and the audacity of the aggressors have mounted higher and higher.

It is this nerveless policy that has brought us to the brink of war now, and that, if continued, will plunge us into war when, perhaps, the scales are so heavily weighted against us that the day may be lost.

BUT if that calamity is to be averted our policy must be radically changed.

We must steel ourselves to the fact that if the liberties of the world are to be saved and life is ever again to be worth living, *we must meet aggression wherever it may be with all the resources at our command.*

We must remember that every new conquest by the brigand Powers is another nail in the British coffin.

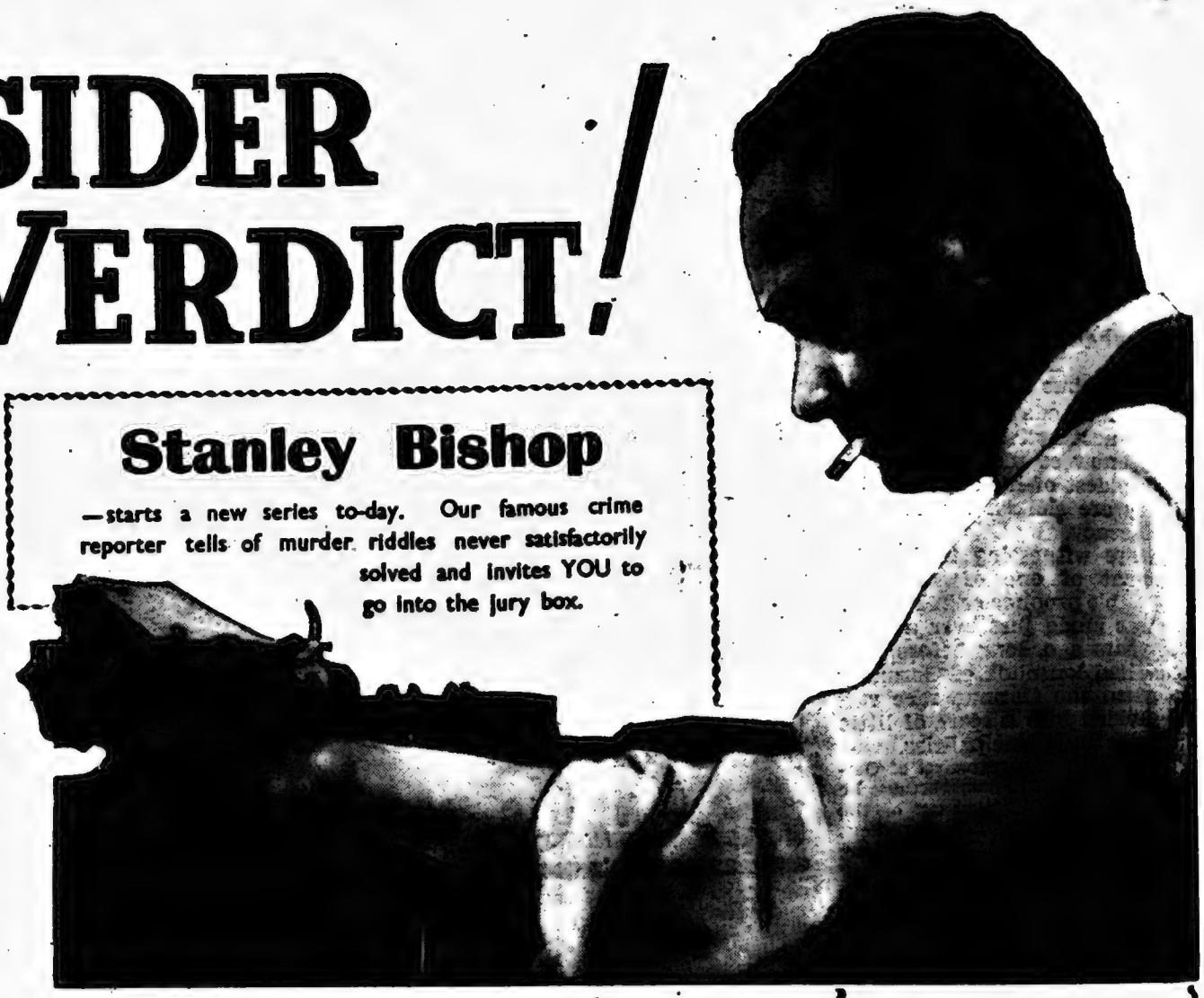
We must talk the only language that Hitler recognises or listens to, and we must talk it in terms that will mobilise all the free peoples of the earth to the common cause.

That language has been spoken at last. The pledge of Britain, France and Poland, by which any aggression against one will be treated as an act of war against all and resisted with the full strength of each, changes the face of Europe at a stroke.

It is the stern command of "Halt" which Hitler will disregard at his peril. From that command there must be no retreat, no wavering.

It will bring all the free peoples of the world to our standard and will leave Hitler with the choice of stopping his reign of terror or of encountering a tempest that, whatever the cost, will sweep him and his tyrannous brood from the face of the earth.

CONSIDER Your VERDICT!



Stanley Bishop

—starts a new series to-day. Our famous crime reporter tells of murder riddles never satisfactorily solved and invites YOU to go into the jury box.

JUNE morning sunlight began to awaken the occupants of Road Hill House, which stands just across the Wiltshire border between the hamlet of Road and the town of Trowbridge.

Pretty Lizzie Gough, nurse to the younger children of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Saville Kent, was the first to be aroused.

She turned in her narrow bed and looked towards the side cot in which the baby, Master Saville, should have been sleeping.

But three-year-old Master Saville was not there.

"I know what's happened," thought Lizzie. "Mistress must have been in during the night and taken him into her own room."

So the girl sank back into bed and drowsed.

It was not until some time later, when the other children were up and dressing, that Lizzie Gough tapped on the door of the mother's room and asked, "Please, mum, can I take Master Saville now?"

What a turmoil when she heard that the child was not there, and a quick search showed that he was not even in the house!

Mrs. Kent went into hysterics, and cried for a doctor. Samuel Kent, the father, organised the servants for a thorough survey of the grounds. Then, mounting his horse, he rode to warn the Wiltshire police that his baby was missing.

Strange Remark

Now a point to remember is that Mr. Kent, mounted as he was, and driven—as one would expect—by distress, took a strangely long time to reach the nearest village constable.

Also he made a surprising remark to the policeman: "My son has been carried away wrapped in a blanket," he said. But at that stage no one knew a blanket was missing from the child's cot.

Let us leave the hunt for young Master Saville for a few moments, and find out something about the atmosphere of Road Hill House.

Samuel Kent, holding an £800 a year appointment as factory inspector, and with some small private means, had been twice married.

By his first wife he had nine children—only five of whom lived. The first Mrs. Kent died insane, and the middle-aged widower married a Miss Annie Pratt, who was governess to the four children.

At the second wedding, Kent's three daughters were the bridesmaids.

Of the first family living at home, Constance Kent, aged sixteen, was the problem. She never attempted to accept gracefully her former governess as stepmother and mistress of the home.

Remember . . .

She attempted, on one occasion, to run away dressed in boys' clothes, and was taken in charge by Bristol police.

But Constance certainly seemed devoted to her baby stepbrother Saville. On the night before he "disappeared" she was happily playing with him, showing him a picture book, and stringing a chain of beads to amuse him.

And she seemed as agitated as anyone over his disappearance, taking an active part in the search.

Remember those points when you come to judge Constance Kent.

Consider also the girl's personality. She was highly intelligent, with a strongly developed mathematical mind—according to reports from her school—but she was abnormally introspective.

The kind of girl who, in adolescence, would have sudden and overpowering passion or sex impulses.

Picture her as rather unattractive, with high cheek-bones, a flattish nose, and small, deeply set eyes, but with a fine complexion and silky, plentiful hair.

Now back to the search. A band of men from the village began to comb the orchard and shrubbery of Road Hill House yard by yard. They found no clue. Then two of them went to a stable-yard privy. Startled, they saw a red stain on the floor. And in the pit they found the body of the missing child.

Death had come to him cruelly. The throat was slashed, and there was a deep stab wound in the chest. A cot blanket lay upon the body.

"Inside Job"

Superintendent Fowley, of the Wiltshire Constabulary, and two doctors were soon at the house, and from the beginning the superintendent decided "it was an inside job"—murder by someone living at Road Hill. The doctors agreed with this opinion.

But Mr. Kent did not. He argued that somebody who owed him a grudge—and there were many because of his dictatorial factory inspection in the area—had broken into the house, stolen the sleeping child without disturbing the nurse, carried him in the blanket to the stable, and there killed him.

A far-fetched theory, you think? Yet there is one scrap of evidence to support it. Two separate witnesses, who were passing the house during the night, spoke of having heard the watch-dog barking furiously as though disturbed by an intruder.

Moreover, the back door, giving access to a back stairway, was not locked that night..

Well, the police went about their investigation. In a blundering fashion according to our present-day lights, perhaps, but thoroughly. Yet they found nothing of importance.

The inquest was held. All the residents in the house were examined, and finally the jury brought in a non-committal verdict, "Murder by some person or persons unknown."

It was a murder mystery beyond solution by the Wiltshire police, and Scotland Yard, in the person of Inspector Whicher, was called in.

The inspector had an air of casualness which cloaked his trained intelligence. Efficiently he began enquiries all over again.

New facts came to light. Constance Kent, he found, was a nightgown short. He concentrated on the girl, despite her explanation that the garment was lost in the wash.

Before long he was certain in his own mind: "Constance Kent did it."

She was arrested, but the magistrates, after hearing the very flimsy case, did an extraordinary thing. They discharged her into the custody of her father.

They did not say that the charge was dismissed on the ground of insufficient evidence to go before a jury.

Whicher returned to London a disgruntled man, and the Wiltshire police remarked, "Well, that's the 'Yard.'"

But they did not drop the case, and very soon after Elizabeth Gough, the nurse, was arrested and charged with murder.

Again the evidence was completely inconclusive and Lizzie was discharged at the police court. Local detectives gave it up, and the killing of three-year-old Saville Kent became an unsolved mystery.

Unsolved for a period of five years!

The family moved from Road, and Constance Kent entered a religious community at Brighton, Sussex.

Confession

Then one day she made an open confession, "I killed my stepbrother Saville."

"I loved the child," she said, "but I acted because of revengeful feelings against my stepmother.

"During the night I went to the room where Saville was sleeping next to the nurse. I carried him downstairs wrapped in a blanket from the cot. He was asleep the whole time.

"Nobody in the house heard me, but the dog barked. I opened a window in the drawing-room so there was just enough space for me to get through. I put on my goloshes and went out into the garden to the lavatory. I did not put the child down at all, and he continued to sleep.

"There I killed him. I used a razor which I had taken from my father's wardrobe. Later I put the razor back where I found it.

"My nightdress had two spots of blood on it, and these I washed, and the nightdress was dry by the morning. Afterwards I noticed that the stains still showed, and so I burned the nightdress. That is why I was a nightdress short in my linen."

Constance was taken before a magistrate at Bow Street Court and committed for trial to Salisbury Assizes.

At the Assize Court she insisted on pleading Guilty, and she was composed, calm and detached when sentence of death was passed by a weeping judge.

The sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life, and Constance served twenty years in prison before release.

What happened to her after that nobody knows. There is no record of her death. It is probable that she joined another religious community, taking the veil under a different name.

Consider your verdict—you— jury of readers. Would you have said "Guilty" or "Not Guilty" if she had

(Continued on page 24)

The Jury Oath

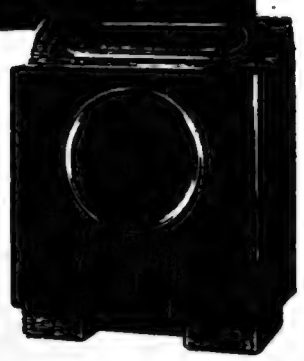
"You will well and truly try and a true deliverance make between our Sovereign Lord the King and the prisoner at the Bar, who you shall have in charge, and a true verdict give according to the evidence."

armchair control

WE'RE so good hearted that we spend a lot of time and money simply trying to find out what sort of things you want and need in your wireless set. A special department looks after this, and we give it the grand title of "Consumer Research"—*you*, of course, being the Consumer. Well this department has found, by asking some thousands of listeners, that most people (87% to be exact) listen to two or more stations during an evening, and make about six or eight adjustments to the volume control of their set. (Just try it for yourself at home tonight.)

Most of those people ought to buy our new Armchair Control. I know it will encourage them to be lazy, but after a hard day's work, who isn't entitled to a bit of comfort? But we are not expecting you to pay for something if you are not going to make real use of it. If you actually sit next to your set, for instance, or feel that an Armchair Control is an unnecessary expense, you can buy the same first-class set without the Control. If you change your mind after a few months, and feel that you would really like the Control after all, you can always have one fitted immediately. Or, again, if you want press buttons *without* Armchair Control . . . well, you can have them instead at lower cost. But whatever you decide to do, you will be buying the best value in radio you can possibly get today.

E. J. POWER,
Managing Director.



A.72 ALL-WAVE MAINS TABLE MODEL.—This highly sensitive receiver costs no more to run than an ordinary electric lamp. New ABC scale, cathode ray indicator and 2-speed control make tuning very simple. Quality of reproduction is really exciting. Variable selectivity enables you to enjoy high fidelity tone. Cabinet in polished walnut. The A.C. model can be fitted with either the Press Button or Armchair Control unit and the D.C. model with the Press Button unit only.

D.C./A.C. MODEL CASH PRICE £12.15

A.C. MODEL CASH PRICE **£12.10**

There is an auto-radiogram version of the above A.C. model available.
CASH PRICE £32

B.71 ALL-WAVE BATTERY TABLE MODEL.—Mains set performance for battery users is provided by this outstanding receiver. Two-speed control and ABC scale make tuning easy. High quality of reproduction with low battery consumption. Continuously variable tone control is provided and the cabinet is similar to that of the A.72 model shown above. The Press Button unit can be fitted as an optional extra.

CASH PRICE *without batteries* **£11.10**

PRESS BUTTON UNIT £1.15 EXTRA. ARMCHAIR CONTROL £3.10 EXTRA
HIRE PURCHASE TERMS AVAILABLE ON EVERY MURPHY MODEL

choose your own way of tuning on

MURPHY

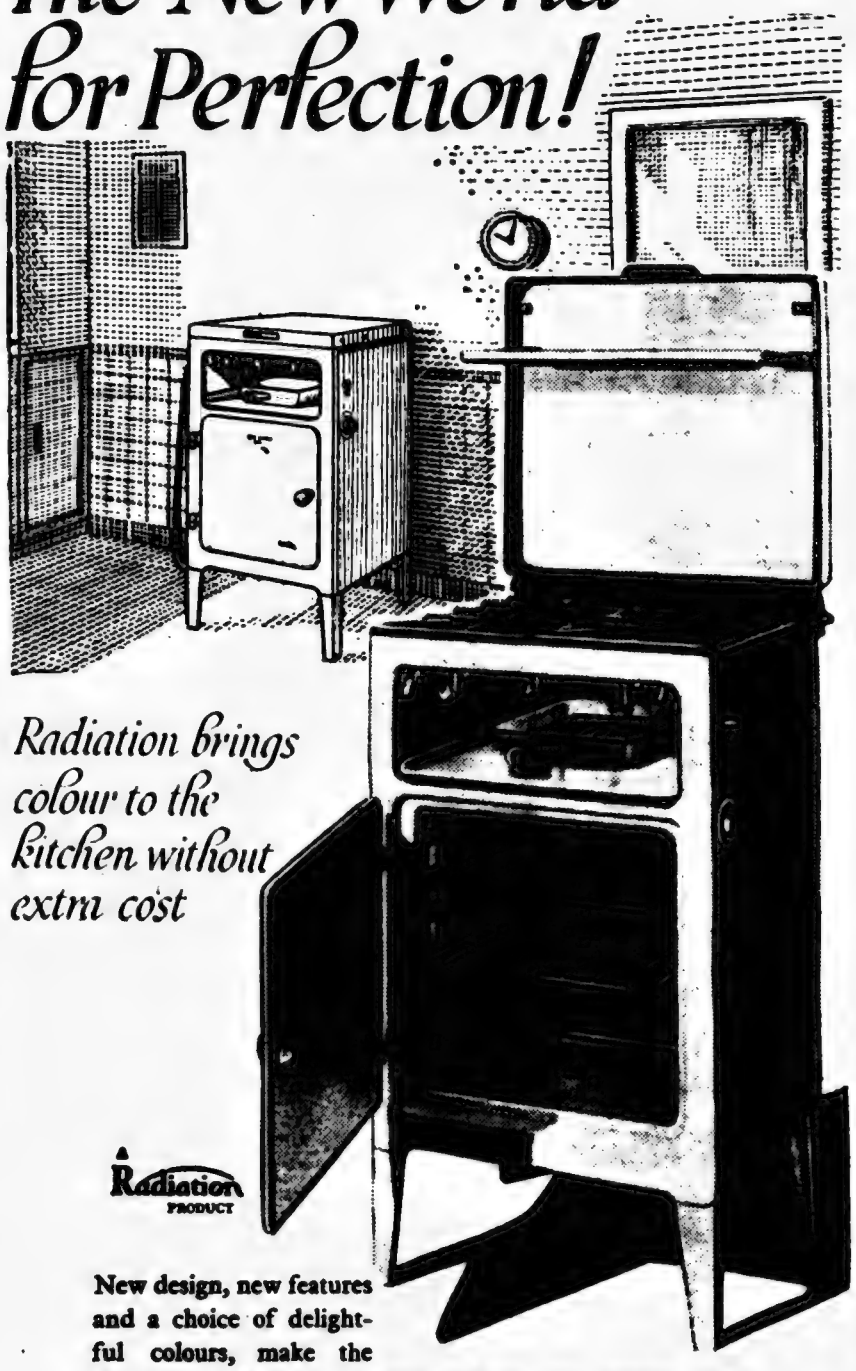
Radio

All Murphy sets, exclusive of valves and batteries, guaranteed for a year.

Prices do not apply in Eire. Murphy Radio Ltd., Welwyn Garden City, Herts.

C.R.C. 63

The 'New World' for Perfection!



Radiation brings colour to the kitchen without extra cost

Radiation PRODUCT

New design, new features and a choice of delightful colours, make the latest 'New World' the most efficient and elegant cooker for the modern kitchen. While retaining all the well-known and proved principles which have made 'New World' Gas Cookers world famous, the new streamlined models embody new features which bring perfect cooking within the reach of all. Ask to see them at your Gas Showrooms.

NEW FEATURES FOR STILL BETTER COOKING

In 60 seconds from cold the 'High Speed' Grill reaches toasting heat!	Turn on tap, and gas lights automatically. The super-fast burner boils pint of water in 125 seconds.
Cover top with neat, rigid shelf. Closes in one movement and forms an elegant table-top.	The 'Regulo' oven heat control—exclusive to 'New World' Cookers.
Single oven burner reduces gas consumption. Oven porcelain enamel-lined—a wipe and it's clean.	

The Latest

NEW WORLD GAS COOKERS

ONLY THE WORLD-RENOWNED REGULO HAS THE NUMBER IN THE TRIANGLE 7

To Radiation Ltd. (Dept. S24/9)
164 Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.4

Please send your free Recipe Book (½d. stamp only if envelope is unsealed).

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

CONSIDER *Your* VERDICT!

placed herself "on God and her country, which country is you?"

I am a special pleader, but knowing all the facts as the records reveal them my opinion is that Constance Kent did not—and could not—have killed her stepbrother in that brutal fashion.

Continued from page 22

Her confession? It is full of transparent inaccuracies, the sort of confession that any over-wrought, unbalanced person might have made—after the event.

For example, the use of the razor. The wounds on the child's body *could not possibly have been caused by a razor only.*

A sharp-edged knife must have been used for the stabs.

Quite impossible, too, that the blood-stained nightdress could have been washed and *thoroughly dried* by the morning.

There must have been a great deal of blood on any garment worn by the murderer.

All Constance Kent's clothing was examined by the local police superintendent within two hours of the finding of the body. Impossible that the officer, searching for something of the kind, would have overlooked that still damp nightdress.

The garment, according to Constance, was not burned until some days after.

From beginning to end the confession does not ring true. A girl of sixteen could not have done what she said she did. She could not have opened the heavy drawing-room window with a sleeping child in her arms, put on a pair of goloshes—still without wakening the baby.

Defending counsel would have torn that confession to shreds if she had not persisted in her plea of Guilty.

There was always the possibility that someone entered the house and removed the sleeping child from its cot.

We know that the watch-dog was disturbed by something and barked fiercely. The animal would scarcely have barked at Constance or any other person he knew.

Moreover, Samuel Kent was notoriously unpopular and had many enemies in the countryside.

It seems to me that the police too quickly made up their minds that the murder was "an inside job." The alternative possibility was not explored with any great thoroughness.

One other point which has never been explained: How did Samuel Kent know, before the discovery of the body, that his son had been carried away wrapped in a blanket?

Nothing at all was known about a missing cot blanket when he set out to call the police.

Far too many contradictions exist for us to accept Constance's story as she told it.

Certain it is that she would never have been convicted of murder in the same circumstances TO-DAY.

The benefit of doubt would have been hers. She would have gone free, despite her own confession. But all this happened many years ago—the murder in 1860, and conviction in 1865.

What do you think? Can you solve a problem that has baffled four generations?

Race with "Silver Ring"

Lady Jockeys: *Why Not?*

I WONDER why the Jockey Club, National Hunt and even Pony Turf Club stewards frown upon suggestions to stage ladies' races on courses under their jurisdiction?

Racing in general is much in need of the stimulation of some novelty. It must recruit more new blood if it is to thrive in face of the competition of entertainments that are promoted with greater enterprise.

I suggest that races for women riders would solve the problem of dividends for harassed racecourse executives. Such events would, I am convinced, be exceedingly popular and increase gate receipts by at least 25 per cent.

If, and when, ladies' races are featured on our programmes there will be no dearth of first-class riders. There are many accomplished point-to-point and show-ring riders who would seize the chance of taking a mount at Sandown Park, or elsewhere, either on the flat or over jumps.

Let executives add to one of their cards, at each two-day meeting, a race confined to lady riders. I would suggest that the event be in addition to the customary programme, but, if it were substituted for the gent's Club Welter Plate, no one would mind.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code covers racing from Thursday, April 6, to Wednesday, April 12.

M	E	J	T	B	A	K	X	U	Z	R	98	96	D	V	H
G	94	N	93	I	95	S	O	Y	97	L	W	F	P	Q	C

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below as the case may be. Example: CBP95RMX would read HIDALGO. Where a double letter occurs in a name the figure 2 is substituted. K95G2U would read SAMMY.

See the difference in 3 Days!

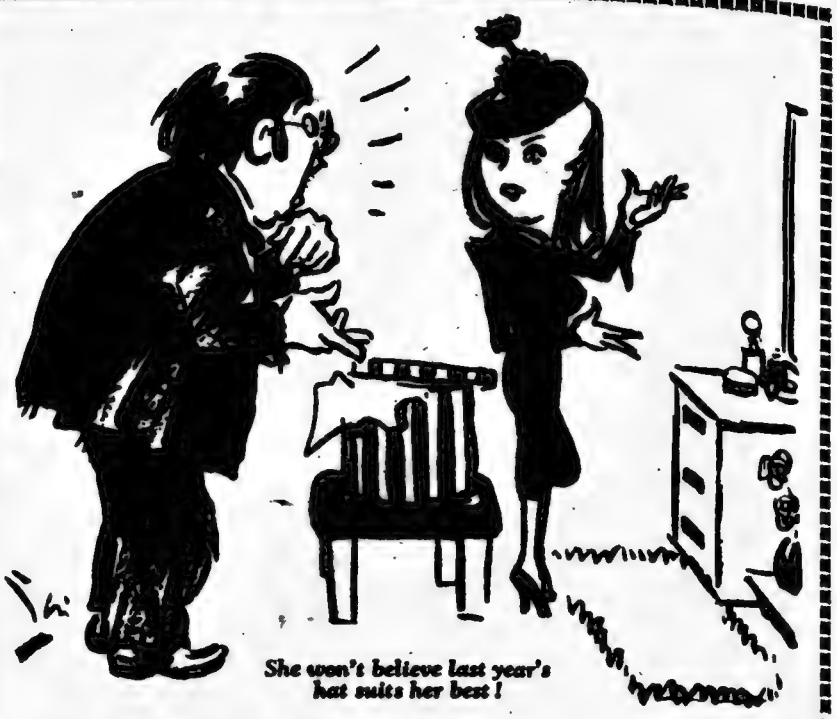
TEETH STAY CLEANER LONGER

Teeth White—
Mouth Fresh and Healthy

Sparkling white teeth emphasize the attractiveness of a woman's lips, add glamour to her personality. Use KOLYNOS regularly TWICE A DAY and see the difference. Dentists recommend it.

1/9, 1/- & 6d. All Chemists & Stores.

USE KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM



She won't believe last year's hat suits her best!

Not from the B.B.C.

Tailor, Beware!

There is beauty in a suit of bottle-green,
Though its colour was originally black;
And it's easy for affection
To survive the crude objection
That it's just about as shapeless as a sack!

For, from a world absurdly civilised,
Man finds that he's best able to escape
In a hat that none would steal, and
Ancient footwear down-at-heel, and
Frayed unmentionables, badly out of shape!

"IT is important that everyone should spend some time every year in disreputable clothes," declared the Archbishop of York, addressing the National Council of Youth Hostels Association.

As dwellers west of Suez, our case, it would seem, is the exact opposite of that of pukka sahibs carrying the white man's burden in the tropics, who make a point of dressing for dinner every night, so as to guard against the danger of "going native."

What we, on the other hand, need is a means of escape from the "complicated civilisation we have built up for ourselves." So, says His Grace, "it is necessary to our spiritual health that occasionally we should throw off our ordinary clothes."

The difficulty, though, for some of us is to find anything older than our ordinary clothes to put on.

Changing from an ancient suit that's gone green into an even more venerable antique that's gone rusty scarcely brings the same sense of escape as swopping episcopal apron and gaiters for a blazer and flannel bags.

Still, even those of my readers who are not Archbishops may do something on the lines suggested. A stockbroker, not prepared to go *too* far in throwing off his ordinary clothes, might, as a concession to the Easter holiday spirit, discard his spats.

And I know several taxi-drivers who could safely leave off three or four vests and a couple of mufflers without risking being mistaken for members of a nudists' colony.

But the average common or gardening housefather needs no ecclesiastical urging to induce him to swop the seemly garb in which he earns his daily bread for raiment the mere sight of which would make any charitable old lady fumble in her bag for a few loose coppers.

Men, in fact, with a confused notion that tailors don't care, have always entertained for ole cloes a reverence like that shown by B.B.C. comedians for old jokes.

Who points out the virtues far-reaching
Of ancient apparel to man,
To the long-since-converted is preaching;
But, oh! if Your Grace only can
Spread light in dark places, your duty
Is clear, I submit, sir—and that's
Convincing our wives of the beauty
Of last season's hats!

Y. Z.

CROSSWORD No. 149.
TERMS AND CONDITIONS.

On page 26 is presented the 149th of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the Publishers of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee, consisting of the following:—The Editor of JOHN BULL; Dexter C. E. M. Joad, M.A., D.Lit.; and Mr. Stephen Potter, Lecturer on English, London University.

Each entry received will be carefully considered and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Entry Form has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at those points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL, published Thursday, May 4, 1939. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S free weekly "Crossword Gazette," complimentary copy of which is obtainable by sending penny postcard to "Gazette," Dept., 39, Bedford St., W.C.2. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties, the lump sum of £1,750 will be equally divided; not more than one cash prize allowed to any one entrant.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

RULES.

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil. Entry-fee is at the rate of sixpence for each two squares submitted; two squares allowed FREE with each six paid.

2.—Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form. Entry Form to be sent by post as directed (not delivered by hand) and bear POSTMARK of not later than Tuesday, April 20, 1939. Entries from addresses outside the British Isles must be received not later than Friday, April 21.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on Entry-square alongside will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

4.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, May 4. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, May 9, in accordance with directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up Prize. Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

5.—Should the First Prize be shared, £1,750 cash will be paid instead of the Three-in-one Award.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

THE ACID IN YOUR STOMACH WOULD BURN A HOLE IN A CARPET

(From actual photo)

To get relief you must take the burning fire out of excess stomach acid. In recent tests, this kind of acid burned a hole right through a carpet. These tests also proved that RENNIE tablets can make this burning excess acid as mild as milk. RENNIES can do this because they reach your stomach *full-strength*. They are not diluted with water. They flow down in natural saliva. At once, the 15 scientifically blended ingredients start to work. Some neutralize your excess acid. Pancreatin helps to digest food. Bismuth and Kaolin protect delicate stomach lining.

With *excess acid* made as mild as milk, pain stops. You can eat anything. Simply take 2 or 3 RENNIES after meals. Separately wrapped, you carry them loose in pocket or handbag — no fussing with glasses of water. Every chemist sells Digestif RENNIE Brand Tablets. Large trial size, only 6d. Four times the quantity 1/9.

DIGESTIF RENNIES

MAKE EXCESS STOMACH ACID MILD AS MILK

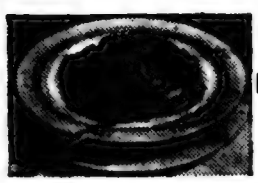
NO WATER NEEDED

URACE for RHEUMATISM

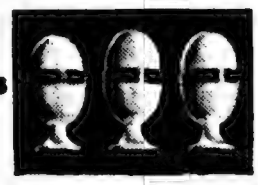
FREE SAMPLE! From Bentley & Phillips Ltd., 50m Beaumont, London, N.C.1. From your chemist, 1/6 & 3/-

BOUNDING ENERGY
the whole morning through —

Thanks to the 30-Second Breakfast



Equals



SCIENTIFIC PROOF of the great energy-giving power of the "30-Second Breakfast"

AN ANALYSIS made at a leading dietetic laboratory shows that a bowl of Kellogg's with milk and sugar has more energy value than 3 eggs. (Bowl of Kellogg's 223.26 calories. 3 average eggs 210 calories.) That is why workers everywhere find the 30-second breakfast so sustaining.

It's crisp, delicious, nourishing, and it keeps you going full steam ahead till lunch time.

ENERGY — *and plenty of it!* — in these crisp flakes. But that isn't the only reason millions start the day with Kellogg's.

They eat them because they're so downright delicious. And they're always so fresh and golden brown, you'd think they'd come out of the oven that very morning. That's because their crispness is protected by a special "Waxtite" wrapper *inside* the packet.

And Kellogg's save time and trouble, too . . . take only 30 seconds to serve from kitchen to dining-room table. No cooking. No saucepan to wash-up. For all its nourishment and goodness what breakfast could be simpler!

Tomorrow morning serve a nourishing 30-second breakfast to your family. Everybody will love it! Ask your grocer for Kellogg's — 5½d. for a big packet.

FRESH AS HER FLOWERS

There's always work to be done in a florist's shop. Miss Lacey (above) of London, W.12, never gets a minute to sit down all day long. "How do I keep going?" she says. "Well, my secret is a breakfast of Kellogg's to start the day. They give me all the energy I need. Besides, I like them better than any other cereal — they're so crisp. They're economical too — I can get ten breakfasts out of that big packet."

WINNING STROKE

Miss C. Sorrell (right) of Tunbridge Wells has been Club champion for 4 years and holds the cup for the best all-round swimmer. "I rely on Kellogg's for stamina and energy," she says. "They're wonderfully light and digestible which makes all the difference to a swimmer or any active person. Mother likes them too because they're so easy to serve."

FIT FOR ANYTHING

Here you see Mr. Phillips, plumber, of Liverpool, on the job. "I used to have Kellogg's now and again just for a treat," says Mr. Phillips. "But when my wife realised how nourishing they were and how economical she took to serving them every morning. The kiddies love them, and you'd be surprised at the time and trouble they save."

Start the day with the 30-Second Breakfast

Just as spring light shows the winter-worn spots about the house—so the longer, brighter days search out and show up the "weak spots" in your winter-weakened body. Now is the time to accept the very life-giving help of Hall's Wine!

Pours new life into you in 30 seconds

Yes—in thirty seconds from your first wineglassful, Hall's Wine is helping you! This strength-giving wine so stimulates and improves your circulation, so feeds and enriches your blood, that it sweeps away all the tiring, clogging waste from the cells of your body. At the same time that Hall's Wine feeds, it reinvigorates and revitalises your nerves and tissues.

New life for the middle-aged

Your eyes sparkle, your spirits soar, as Hall's Wine builds you up to lasting health. You feel a new being . . . in tune with glorious spring!
Middle-aged folk, too, who tire so easily, find Hall's Wine a boon. In old age, it stimulates vitality and sustains life. It does your heart good to see how run-down people respond to Hall's Wine. Get a bottle today!

HALL'S WINE

Feeds and Fortifies the Nerves
Builds you up to lasting Strength

From Wine Merchants and Grocers and Chemists with wine licences. Large bottle 5/6, smaller size 3/3. Stephen Smith & Co. Ltd., Bow, London, E.3.

(177)

HAUNTED BY STOMACH TROUBLE

Is the wretched bogey of Indigestion constantly haunting your days and nights? Do you long to be able to *enjoy* a meal instead of suffering hours of misery and discomfort? Take the simple, gentle, but effective way of getting rid of your stomach trouble—a few doses of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder.

Impurities in your digestive tract that are spreading poison, and the discomfort of flatulence, are gently cleared away by this famous alkaline powder. Delicate parts of your stomach, which have become inflamed through excessive acid, are soothed and protected. Maclean Brand Stomach Powder changes the stomach sufferer's life from one of constant misery to the pain-free health and vitality that come when the stomach is working properly.

Try Maclean Brand Stomach Powder to-day. See how quickly it calms and soothes your stomach pain. You are completely freed from flatulence while other symptoms of stomach disorder finally disappear. Insist on MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder which is only genuine with the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" on bottle and carton. Sold only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles, Powder or Tablets, and handy 9d. tins of Tablets. Never sold loose.

'RHEUMATISM'

RHUMUV REG. NO. 856I,210

An entirely new and genuine remedy is now offered to all sufferers from Rheumatism, Arthritis, Neuritis, Gout, Sciatica, etc. No baths, no dieting, no electric treatment. Send 3d. for sample and full particulars to:

The Rhumuv Co., Hallam Grange, Sheffield, 10.

Reader's Story

by Agnes Marshall,

The Ridgeway, Chingford, Essex

"Look at him," he said almost ecstatically, handing me a photograph in a large silver frame

HOUSE of DELUSION

NOT a human being in sight. Nothing but the incessant drip, drip from snow-sodden branches of trees and hedges that loomed through big banks of clinging fog. Intense darkness in the narrow lanes. And nearing eleven at night.

I was stranded in my car somewhere in Suffolk. Dangerous floods were all around and there were many treacherous miles to go.

Foolish of me to have stayed so late with my old aunt. But she was terrified by the flood threats and had begged me to visit her.

I had had a day off at the hospital where I was a nurse, and as I owned a small car I had decided to drive over. I did not know the roads, and this was the result.

The only thing was to drive on warily, creeping when I struck the patches of fog. Somehow I had lost the main road.

But what was that? A black shape right in front of me. I jammed on the brakes and instinctively shut my eyes expecting the worst.

But nothing happened. Pulling myself together, I got out to investigate. The shape was nothing but a large tree trunk, but it barred the narrow lane, and beyond I could just distinguish a dark mass of water.

Boughs from the tree almost scraped my windscreen; another foot and I would have crashed. I pictured myself being flung into the icy, black waters—and shuddered.

Now what was I to do? With luck the moon might come out. If it didn't, all I could do would be to wait until daylight. I felt lonely and fearful.

Then a faint glimmer of light across a field caught my eye. I stood up on the running-board, and to my intense relief saw a house standing some way off the road with lights in several windows.

Some thirty yards back along the lane I found an entrance gate, which fortunately was wide open. Through wisps of fog as I drove in I saw another car drawn up near an outhouse and a man in evening dress.

He lurched as he fumbled with something in his hand. Then he saw me and shouted to me to stay where I was. Cursing, he ran forward.

My nerve had gone. The fog was playing tricks with my eyes, and in a flash I saw the man as some mad apparition. I turned and ran helter-skelter up the drive to the house.

The door was open a few inches, and flinging it open in my panic I rushed into the hall, where a light was burning.

A short, plump, elderly woman came forward. Surprise and annoyance were mingled in her glance.

"An' what may be the occasion o' this intrusion?" she demanded coldly.

"A ghost or a man—I don't know which—is following me," I gasped. "He was in your grounds."

SHE shook her head, but said nothing. In my flurry I tried to explain everything at once, and to apologise at the same time.

But I could see she was not too sympathetic, and she continued to eye me with suspicion.

"Hoots, lassie," she said. Her broad Scots accent was reassuring, and I tried again to explain my appearance. She walked over and locked the door; all this time her gaze was fixed on me. "Ye'd best haud your tongue here," she answered.

Even as she warned me a door opened off the hall. Like lightning she held up a finger. "Whist!" she whispered. "Say naught!"

I had never felt so thoroughly silenced in my life. Her manner was peremptory. But just as astonishingly it changed.

"Come awa' in, my dear," she said loudly, and led me towards a white-haired old gentleman who stood feebly in the doorway at the foot of the stairs. She turned to him and said softly: "It's a mercy the tree was up, Professor."

"Yes, indeed," he answered in a quavering voice.

"Or you would ha' been in the pond, car and all," she went on, turning to me, "and it's deep wi' snow the noo."

"Dear me," said the old gentleman with a tinge of anxiety, "you are not hurt, I hope?"

"OH, no," I hastened to reassure him. "I was fri——." I could see a warning look in the woman's eye, and I stopped short. "I lost my way in the fog," I finished.

"Ah-h," he said. "Lost your way in the fog. I hope, Lisbeth, Mr. Harry is all right?" His tone was really anxious.

"Mr. Harry knows every stick and stone, Professor," she replied. I could see she was listening, and just then there came a thump on the front door. The old gentleman seemed to hear nothing. As the woman went away, he asked me to have a cup of coffee, and led the way into a comfortably furnished library with a blazing fire.

The housekeeper was not long gone, but I heard a sound of heavy, staggering footsteps outside.

Who was the man in evening dress I had seen outside? Was he the "Mr. Harry"? And, if so, why this secretiveness?

Lisbeth returned soon with the coffee. She seemed reluctant to leave. I glanced at the clock on the mantlepiece. It was an hour slow. She saw me look at my wrist watch and frowned.

A few minutes later a clock in the hall chimed out ten o'clock. Both clocks an hour slow! I opened my mouth and she motioned me unmistakably to say nothing. There was fear—almost agony—in her expression.

Meanwhile the aged man was blissfully unconscious of it all. He was talking happily of his grandson, who, he said, was studying for the Church.

"Look at him," he said, almost ecstatically, handing me a photograph in a large silver frame.

"You must be very proud of him," I remarked.

"Yes," he murmured, gazing affectionately at the picture. "You see, he is all I have now."

There was something pathetic about the old gentleman.

"A fine boy. A fine boy," he went on more to himself than to me. "It's only a little after ten o'clock, isn't it?"

"Yes," I lied.

HE began to drowse. He looked very fragile and tired. I crossed over to the window and looked out. To my relief, I saw that the moon had penetrated the fog, and I tiptoed out of the room.

As I opened the door I caught Lisbeth listening at the keyhole. She showed no embarrassment at my stare. After a short pause I said I would be going on.

She opened the door and pointed the way to the main road, then suddenly she gripped my hand. Tears were in her eyes.

"God bless you, ma dear!" she said fervently. "I heered yon chat wi' the Professor. Ye've been wonderful."

I stared at her, bewildered.

"It's his birthday." A weary smile spread over her face. "Eighty-six the day he is. An' that ne'er-do-weel grandson o' his—upstairs the noo, dead to the world."

The truth dawned on me: "Then it was his grandson I saw outside?"

"Aye, lassie, as usual." A bitterness came into her voice: "Drinking like a fish. Mixing with bad company.

"If his poor old grandfeyther knew of his goings-on it would break his heart. I have to lie all the time—like you did the once! The clocks are . . ."

As she spoke there was a faltering footstep behind us. The old gentleman passed by with unseeing eyes. "Harry!" he was muttering. "Harry! My boy promised. . . . My birthday. . . ."

Five Guineas

is offered for your real life adventure story, if accepted, length not exceeding 1,200 words. A stamped addressed envelope for return if unsuitable should be enclosed.

SIX LOAVES A DAY

the mainstay of a healthy family of 15

THE MOTHER WRITES IN PRAISE OF BREAD—

18, Manse Way,
Swanley, Kent.

Dear Sir,

It's not always easy to satisfy 15 big appetites with very little money coming in but thanks to bread being so cheap and nourishing I manage to keep all the family fit and energetic as you can see by the photograph I might also mention that the bread we eat amounts to 6 loaves every day of the week

Yours truly,
Mrs E Ashton

BREAD FOR ENERGY

C.P.H.836

The New Stork Cookery Book

"MEALS THAT ARE DIFFERENT"

is full of new ideas for every kind of dish

When friends come to lunch, or the children arrive home hungry from school, even when you are eating alone—here is the book that tells you what to choose! "MEALS THAT ARE DIFFERENT" is more than a cookery book—it plans your menus too! It is brimful of delicious new dishes. It tells you how to prepare fish in exciting individual ways; how to make interesting egg dishes; how to cook vegetables so that they have real flavour. Then there's a chapter on food values which suggests energy-making meals for growing children and strengthening meals for invalids. It tells thin people how to eat to get fat and fat people how to eat to get thin; and in addition you'll find new recipes for pastry, puddings and cakes.

*** CUT THIS OUT AND POST TODAY**

Please send me a copy of your Free Book "Meals That Are Different," which contains REGULO MARKS for all baked dishes.

Name.....

Street.....

Town.....

Fill in your name and address and send this voucher to The Stork Company, Dept. B.5, Unilever House, Blackfriars, London, E.C.4, in an unsealed ½d-stamped envelope.

(PLEASE WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS)

CONTAINS SUNSHINE VITAMINS A AND D

GIFT COUPON WITH EVERY POUND

STORK MARGARINE

JS 234-71-46

Three Women in Revolt

"I should be tempted to rouse the women of the unemployed"

WOMEN are less ready than men to submit to injustice. The letters sent to me prove it time and again.

And this week I would like to deal with three women in revolt against the indifference or malice that is making their lives a torment.

Here is the first woman's letter:

"For five years I have been in love with a poverty-stricken curate. He took his degrees at the college where I am taking finals this year. I feel hopeless and cannot concentrate any more.

"He has a church in a slum area and gloomily says he will never earn enough to marry. But I feel I cannot live without him.

"I go about with other men because I am so lonely if I don't, but inwardly I loathe kissing them when I am in love with him. I hate the Church which keeps its curates poor while the bloated old bishops get all the stipend.

"I used to be very religious and am taking a theological degree, but now I hate it all. I have given up church.

"Can you tell me what to do? I was so desperate a while ago that I wrote and told the curate that I cared for him. He was kind and polite, but says nothing. Whenever he was getting affectionate towards me he would suddenly alter and be very stand-offish.

"Must we go on like this for ever? Or shall I marry someone else? Should I find peace of mind if I did?"

"I feel I cannot live without him"

There is no doubt that this young woman loves the curate, but it is not certain that he loves her. His politeness and occasional stand-offishness may be because he realises the hopelessness of his position.

A young woman who loves the curate but hates his church is not likely to make a success of such a marriage. A curate's wife must believe in his cause and be willing to co-operate.

The miserable stipend paid to curates and other ministers of religion is a disgrace. Their wives are bound to have a struggle. If they have faith in the work itself they can endure the sacrifices cheerfully and with fortitude.

BUT a wife who has lost her religious enthusiasm would be a serious handicap to a curate.

I honestly think she had better marry someone else. That may sound brutal, but I am thinking of the curate as well as the girl who loves him.

The second letter comes from a woman who is in revolt against Human Prejudice:

"I am a half-caste! Those four words are threatening to turn my world of happiness to misery. My father is English; my mother Indian.

"John and I have been in love for three years (we are both twenty-four now), and we announced our engagement last Christmas. Ever since then John's home has been a place of tears and reproaches, threats and nerve-racking scenes.

"Now, Humanist, I am not illiterate or a drunkard; I am not hideous to look upon and I love John with all my heart. But I have a dark skin.

"I have never been out of England. I know nothing about India except that if I went there I should be called 'the English girl' and frowned on for my colour.

"All my life I have had before me an example of a happy mixed marriage. My father and mother are still devoted after twenty-five years. John and I could be happy, too, but the continued opposition of his family and his friends is causing suffering which he is vainly trying to hide.

"Please help me to decide. Shall I marry John and break his mother's heart? Or shall I give him up and break my own?"

The final question puts me in a difficult position. Somebody is going to have a broken heart whichever way I answer.

Now I have not the slightest doubt that the young woman who writes to me is very charming and there is no doubt about her affection for John. But the prejudice against the half-caste is very strong.

I am afraid that the marriage would suffer from family hostility, snubbing by friends, and the awful feeling that haunts a man who has been "sent to Coventry."

That last passage of the letter was pathetic, but I notice one curious omission. "Shall I break his mother's heart or shall I break my own?" But what about John's heart?

John has two women—mother and sweetheart—one on either side and pulling in opposite directions. He probably loves them both and both love him. It is John who must do the deciding.

But I think I know what John will do. In fact, I am certain of it. I know who will have the broken heart, and I offer her my sincerest sympathy.

"Do you mind if I make use of your distance and 'unknownness' as a safety-valve—just to get out of my system the accumulated worries and depressions of months before I explode?"

This is the opening sentence of a long letter from the third woman. She puts no romantic problem. But hers is as poignant a letter as any I can remember.

Her husband has been out of work for eighteen months. Her three sons (the eldest is only six) have healthy appetites.

"My husband and I have come down to two meals a day—and not always that," she goes on. "He is always hungry, but he never murmurs. His one concern, like mine, is for the children. So long as they are fed neither of us cares very much, although sometimes, I'll admit, we are both faint for want of food.

"Mother used to tell me that worry killed more people than any illness, and she was right. Worry is like a little, niggling, carking insect that gnaws at your brain, day and night, until you feel you are going mad.

"I am far from being a militant soul, but if I were in London I should be tempted to rouse the women of the unemployed to march in their thousands as they marched once before.

"To wrench common justice from this footling Government that can raise hundreds of millions for munitions, air raid shelters, and the like for the defence of citizens while permitting those same citizens to starve. Fat lot of good defence will be to corpses!"

I have quoted only a few passages from a forcible and eloquent protest against things as they are to-day. And what this writer has to say is re-echoed in dozens of other letters.

One can counsel patience, but patience ceases to be a virtue if it lasts too long.

I feel the greatest sympathy for the wives and families of the unemployed, and I am not sorry that the women are beginning to voice their indignation.

Now that women have votes on equal terms with men, no Government can afford to ignore them. They have been patient long enough.

Prejudice against the half-caste is very strong

NOW for a letter from a single girl who is worried about "Marriage *versus* Career" from a monetary angle. She is not in revolt like the writers I have just quoted. But she is worried:

"My friend and I are both in well-paid situations, but recently she had the 'misfortune' to become engaged to a man who earns just about half as much as she does.

"Her parents are furious, telling her that she is throwing herself away.

"There is a great deal of unhappiness in the home, as the girl's parents refuse to have anything to do with the young man.

"This in spite of the fact that he is quite respectable in every way, is very much in love with the girl.

"My own parents agree with the attitude of my friend's parents, and would behave in a similar way.

"That is why I want your opinion. As things are at present, I am—unknown to my parents—in danger of falling in love with the 'wrong' man!

"They say definitely that a girl should not give up her career for a man earning less than herself. I think this is ridiculous. A girl could waste a lifetime waiting for the man with the right-sized pocket to pop the question.

"Please tell us what you think about it all."

DID you notice how the writer has altered her point of view at the end? She began by asking me to consider the subject from a purely monetary angle, and if she is thinking only about money, both she and her friend are making bad bargains. There is no denying it.

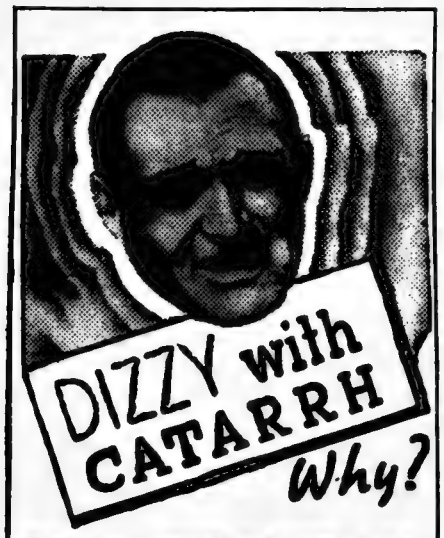
But money is not the only consideration. What is the use of having money if one is deprived of the things that really matter—a man's love, children?

The normal young woman wants these things more than she wants the spare cash.

The parents look at the matter from a common-sense elderly point of view, but if they insist on the man's having plenty of money they may live to see their daughter married to a rich husband who makes her miserable.

Money matters. In a list of the things that make for happiness in marriage it probably comes about fourth. It might even "get a place"; but it is never the winner.

In his recent article on deafness, HUMANIST recommended sufferers to write to the secretary of the British League for the Hard of Hearing. The result was a flood of letters, which will be dealt with as quickly as possible. It is hoped that most sufferers will be helped. HUMANIST wishes to thank a great many people who wrote letters of appreciation and thanks. All future enquiries to the League should be addressed to 76, Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4



Why allow yourself to become "absolutely dizzy with catarrh"—you have then reached the danger-point. Many a dangerous illness has resulted from a neglected "simple cold."

It's dangerous to neglect CATARRH . . . it is spelling for trouble later . . . deafness, head noises, loss of smell—and worse.

End this continuous Catarrh with Potter's Catarrh Pastilles. They instantly melt the phlegm, clear head and throat, and act as a powerful antiseptic (vital when travelling in trains, tubes, trams, 'buses or where infection is present).

Buy a handy 1/3d. tin at any chemist, stores, or herbalists or 1/4½d. post free from makers.

POTTER & CLARKE LTD.
69T, Artillery Lane, London, E.1
(Makers of Potter's Asthma Cure)

POTTER'S CATARRH PASTILLES

P.7

● Humanist

invites you to seek his advice when you are worried or perplexed. Address your envelope to 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing a stamped envelope for reply. £1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted.

500 MILES A WEEK ON SKATES

6 days a week it's her job —and on Sundays she does it for fun

There's a lot of hard work to be done before these graceful poses can be mastered, but Joan has all the energy it needs.

JOAN STAMBROOK,

star teacher at the Westminster Ice Rink, lets you into a secret:

'Most people come to the rink for fun—but skating is a full-time job for me. From ten in the morning till ten at night I live on skates; giving lessons, practising and giving exhibitions.

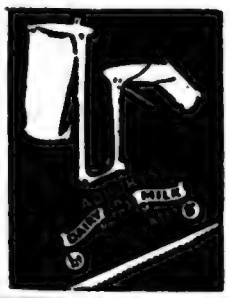
When I'm really busy I can't always take time off for a mid-morning snack or for tea—and believe me a few hours on the rink gives you some appetite. So I always have a couple of blocks of Cadburys Milk Chocolate in my bag. I find that there's nothing like it when I'm feeling a bit fagged and peckish. It's nourishing, delicious and really does give you that extra energy you need to keep you right on top of your job.'

THAT'S WHEN CADBURYS MILK CHOCOLATE FEEDS YOU ON YOUR FEET—KEEPS YOU RIGHT UP TO YOUR JOB

2oz 2D

AT work or at play, life to-day calls, above all, for *energy*—and Cadburys Milk Chocolate gives it to you.

Millions have already discovered the wonderful food value in this delicious chocolate. A glass and a half of fresh full-cream British milk goes into every ½ lb block. 2 oz costs only 2d., slips easily into your bag or pocket, and is a perfect energy snack. Buy yourself a block of Cadburys now.



CADBURYS MILK CHOCOLATE
. . . feeds you on your feet

Eight of the best, my lad!

Believe me, Jones Minor, this is going to hurt me more than it will hurt you . . . Smoking a pipe at all is a grave enough offence in a boy of your age . . . It is contrary to the rules and a bad example to the younger boys. But smoking a tobacco which contains artificial flavouring not only lowers the tone of the school . . . It points to a depraved taste and a gross disregard for the decencies of civilised life. You will now be good enough to write me five hundred lines. I suggest that "Four Square contains no artificial flavouring" is an example well calculated to improve both your handwriting and your mind.

FOUR SQUARE

VACUUM PACKED TOBACCOS — EIGHT OF THE BEST

Mixture (Green Squares).....10½d. oz.	Mixture—Original (Blue Squares).....1/2½d. oz.
Curlies (Purple Squares).....10½d. oz.	Mixture—Medium-Light (Blue Squares)..... 1/2½d. oz.
Cut Cake (Yellow Squares).....11d. oz.	Matured Virginia—Original (Red Squares).....1/3d. oz.
Ripe Brown (Brown Squares)..11d. oz.	Matured Virginia—Ready Rubbed (Red Squares) 1/3d. oz.

All blends are Medium Strength and are sold in tins only.

FOUR SQUARE VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

Standard Size :— ... 20 FOR 1/- Large Size :— ... 20 FOR 1/2d.

Guaranteed to be made from 100% genuine Virginia Leaf.

GEORGE DOBIE & SON, LTD. (*Manufacturers of Quality Tobaccos since 1809*), PAISLEY, SCOTLAND

Basil Butler

Send for This
FREE COOKERY BOOK
"Meals That Are Different"

DON'T overlook the unique opportunity to secure a copy of this very useful book which is offered on p. 27. You will learn original ways of cooking eggs, special suggestions for new cheese dishes, new cakes, new recipes for puddings, etc., and a special section on health-giving dishes to suit each season. Send for your free copy of this valuable reference book by filling in your name and full postal address in the coupon on p. 27.

FREE! BOOKLET ABOUT SKIN DISORDERS

The latest discoveries of Medical Scientists have brought new hope to Sufferers with Eczema, Bad Legs, Psoriasis and other Skin Diseases. This booklet describes the causes of many Skin Troubles and their modern treatment. Send postcard for your copy now to Dept. A.

CUXSON GERRARD & CO. LTD.
MANUFACTURING CHEMISTS
OLDBURY BIRMINGHAM

INDIGESTION...

By ensuring perfect assimilation of food, Phillips Tonic Yeast quickly conquers INDIGESTION. At the same time your Nerves are strengthened and Blood purified.

All Chemists 1/3 & 3/-

Contains NO DRUG

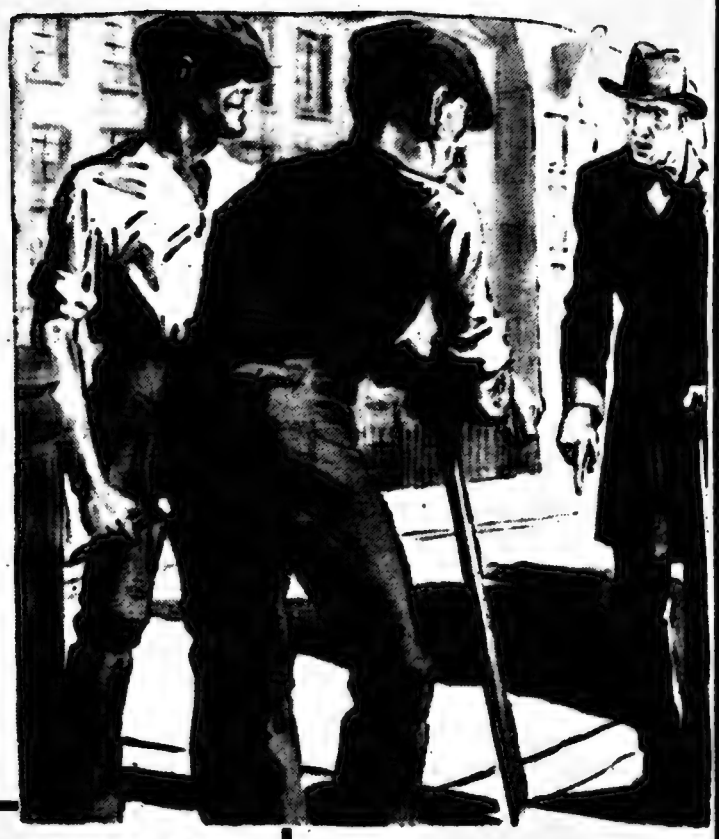
Phillips TONIC YEAST
Rich in VITAMIN B

THE GOOD-NATURED LAXATIVE

LIXEN

SENTIMENT — and Mr. CANDY

Complete Short Story by W. J. PASSINGHAM



"Scandalous!" said Mr. Rupert Candy indignantly. "An act of sheer vandalism. That old wooden bar you have taken down, sir, is an antiquity."

WHEN he approached the quiet atmosphere of Moon Street, Spike Saunders was in a thoughtful frame of mind.

Not that his thoughts were in keeping with the dignity of that narrow, old-world thoroughfare, or that he appreciated its charm as a quiet backwater of modern London.

He was, in fact, taking a short route from Shepherd's Market by way of Moon Street and Curzon Street to reach a certain rendezvous in Berkeley Square, as was his custom when Lefty Tomson sent for him.

Lefty lived in a pleasant little self-contained flat in Berkeley Square, and because of his audacity the police had so far failed to locate the new headquarters.

Spike never entered that flat by way of the front door. The back entrance from the mews had proved the chief attraction from Lefty Tomson's point of view when he took up residence in that aristocratic neighbourhood.

At first Spike had considered it a clever move on the boss's part, because it left the "busies" still watching the old place off Tottenham Court Road. Now Spike was not so sure about the matter.

It needed big dough to run flats in Berkeley Square—and business was at a standstill. Three months since they had pulled off the last job!

The insistent blows of a sledge-hammer, driving a big chisel between cobble-stones at the very entrance to Moon Street, brought Spike out of his gloomy reverie and he saw Mr. Rupert Candy for the first time. . . .

It was then the navvy with the sledge-hammer ceased striking, so that in the comparative silence Spike could hear the plaintive voice of the old boy with the wide-brimmed black hat.

He was a queer old cove, too, with silvery hair showing beneath the hat, and he was dressed in a full-bottomed frock-coat.

"Scandalous!" said Mr. Rupert Candy indignantly. "An act of sheer vandalism. That old wooden bar you have taken down, sir, is an antiquity, a relic of a better—a more romantic generation.

"Surely they could have spared us this last memory of the old days? For nearly fifty years I have lived in Moon Street, and that old bar across the road kept it respectable—free from the hideous noises of modern life."

★

Despite the urge to answer Lefty Tomson's summons, Spike stayed to listen.

"Don't know anything abaht it, guv'nor." The navvy grinned and winked at his comrade holding the chisel. "This 'ere bar across the road comes dahn this afternoon, and we leaves the posts for the time being.

"That's our orders. See?" He was about to raise the sledge-hammer again when another thought appeared to strike him.

"What's all the row about, anyway?" he demanded. "Yer can't 'ave bars across roads nowadays, can yer?"

Mr. Rupert Candy drew a deep breath to master his indignation. "Do you know why this bar was erected across Moon Street? Ah, I thought not. Well, it has a most interesting and exciting history, and I don't suppose for one moment that the authorities in this parish have ever troubled to learn it.

"That old bar you are taking away, sir, is the last of several erected nearly two centuries ago in various streets around old London to prevent the escape of highwaymen.

"Now this particular bar was cleared by none other than James Nesbitt, the greatest highwayman of his day. He was a gentleman of the road, at a time when it was fashionable to be a gentleman.

"Nesbitt had the audacity to hold up and rob the Recorder of London himself in a coach not far from this spot. The Bow Street runners were hot on his heels and thought they had trapped Galloping Jim when he entered Moon Street from the other end.

"But they reckoned without his big bay mare, sir! She cleared this very bar in one mighty leap, and Jimmy got clean away into the fields where Bayswater now stands.

"The Moon Street Bar has trapped many a highwayman in this neighbourhood, for only a really great-hearted horse could clear such an obstacle, and I say it is an act of vandalism and a public scandal to remove it!"

★

The navvy winked at his companion. "I'll tell yer what it is, guv," he said confidentially. "We're running short of highwaymen in these parts lately, so we're taking this 'ere bar away till things liven up a bit. Get the idea?"

A loud guffaw from the man with the chisel, and then the sledge-hammer crashed down to put an end to the conversation. But Mr. Rupert Candy was far from being done with a matter which so affected his love of ancient things.

"Where are you taking this old bar?" he demanded, and so insistently that the navvy had to cease work again to supply the information.

Meanwhile, Spike Saunders still stood there unnoticed, and without paying the slightest attention to the last part of this interesting conversation—gripped by an idea that fairly staggered his imagination.

For months Lefty Tomson had bemoaned the fact that Moon Street was closed to traffic at one end. The old bar across the road made it a dangerous thoroughfare in which to operate in case of emergency.

★

And now. . . .

Spike turned away suddenly, crossed the street the better to study an old-fashioned jeweller's shop which nevertheless still retained the patronage of rich families in that neighbourhood.

He was still considering details of the situation when old Rupert Candy came striding past him along the pavement. So absorbed with his great idea was Spike Saunders that he did not see the antiquary of Moon Street.

The old man went on his way very deliberately, seething with indignation, and with a faint red spot on either cheek to indicate his inward emotion.

In his hand Mr. Rupert Candy held a slip of paper, torn hastily from his notebook and recording certain information obtained from the workmen at the top of the street.

From time to time he consulted the address as he went very deliberately about his important errand. Eventually Rupert Candy arrived at the entrance to a big yard not far from the Town Hall, and after several enquiries there was ushered into an office attached to the Public Works Department.

"You are taking down a barrier erected across the top of Moon Street since the reign of George the Third." Mr. Rupert Candy made this accusation in the cold, scandalised tones such callousness deserved, and waited grimly for an answer.

(Continued on page 32)

Phensic stops PAIN

MORE QUICKLY
MORE SAFELY

TWO TABLETS GIVE MAGIC RELIEF

To stop pain Doctors, Specialists and Nurses ask for something SAFE yet POWERFUL. For this reason they prescribe Phensic—2 Tablets of Phensic. High medical authority says of the effect of the four ingredients in Phensic:

"Cannot irritate the stomach. Induces quiet sleep. Improves pulse. Wards off fatigue. Action highly satisfactory. Successful in RHEUMATISM, MIGRAINE (severe headache), NEURALGIA, INFLUENZA, DYSMENORRHEA (periodic pain), and all nerve pains."

Get Phensic NOW from your chemist:

3d., 6d., 1/3, 3/- and 5/-.

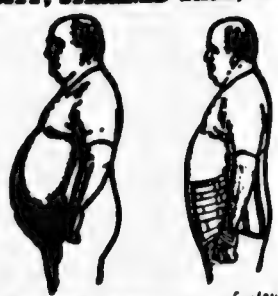
Phensic

Pronounced 'FEN-ZIK' Brand

The Wonderful Tablets that Drive out PAIN

THE SPENCER BELT FOR MEN

A Perfect Support for RUPTURE, OBESITY, STRAINED BACK, HERNIA.



Note improved appearance of stout man after putting on a Spencer Belt.

The Spencer Belt is individually designed to meet the needs of the man who is to wear it.

Note from the illustration how broad the back is, giving the maximum of comfort and support. A common defect in belts for men is that the back is so narrow that it causes a strain on the back muscles, increasing discomfort instead of giving relief.

Men who do heavy work, and who suffer from backache or pains resulting from sacro-iliac strain, need the Spencer Sacro-iliac Belt.

Spencer Belts are very serviceable, for they are made of superior materials, and are guaranteed never to lose their shape.

Write Spencer Corsets Ltd., 44, Britannia Road, Banbury, Oxfordshire, for Booklet, and for name of nearest local Corsetiere.

SPENCER

Individually designed Foundation Garments and Surgical Supports.

"We create a design especially for you."

Branch Offices and Salons:

LONDON: 33, Old Bond St., W.1. Tel. Regent 3735
GLASGOW: 86, St. Vincent St., C.2. Central 3232
BIRMINGHAM: 67, Newhall St., 3. Central 7125
LIVERPOOL: 79, Church St., 1. Royal 4021
EDINBURGH: 38a, George St., 2. Edinburgh 25493
BRISTOL: 44a, Queen's Rd., Clifton, 8. Bristol 24081
MANCHESTER: 39a, King St., & 23, South King St., 2. BLAckfriars 9075 Leeds 26586
LEEDS: 3, Bond St., 1.

a mere scratch . . .

a tiny trace of dirt . . .

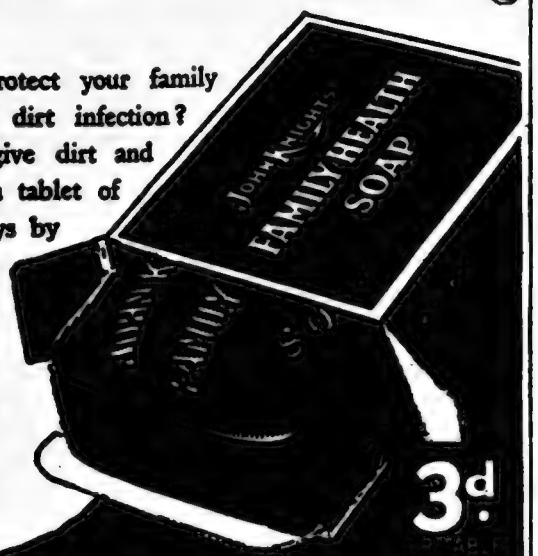
a festering wound . . .

. . . the dread of amputation . . .

WHY RISK IT?

Your surest protection against dirt-bred germs is to use Family Health Soap daily!

What are you doing to protect your family against the daily danger of dirt infection? Keep them safer! Don't give dirt and germs a chance — see that a tablet of Family Health Soap is always by the wash-basin, and see that it is used. The antiseptic lather sweeps away dirt and dirt-bred germs. Get Family Health Soap today and use it every day. Make every wash a protection.



3d.

FAMILY HEALTH

THE SAFETY SOAP

JOHN KNIGHT LTD., LONDON, E.16—SOAP MAKERS SINCE 1838

. . . but found Bondman the coolest smoke of all

When you think how many hours of man's life are spent with his pipe on, you realise that Bondman's cool, restful smoking is an important "contribution to world peace."

LLOYDS'

Bondman

TOBACCO

10D PER OZ · EMPIRE BLEND

11½D PER OZ · RICH RUDDY VIRGINIA

The Coolest Smoke of all!

Richard Lloyd & Sons (Branch of Cope Bros. & Co., Ltd.), Bondman Corner, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.1

When you buy goods that are advertised in "John Bull"—you get the Very Best!

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 38.

We've got rid of **COLDS** and **INFLUENZA**

thanks to **FENNINGS' FEVER CURER**

INSIST ON FENNINGS' OVER 70 YEARS' REPUTATION

Send for a FREE copy of FENNINGS' "EVERYBODY'S DOCTOR" to

FOR SKIN COMPLAINTS try FENNINGS' OINTMENT

ALFRED FENNINGS COWES

SPRINGTIME FITNESS FOR YOU

The Spring! What a glorious time of the year! All nature is awakening to life after its winter sleep and everyone of us in normal health shares in the joyous urge. Longer days and a soft caress in the air, make us eager to work off pent-up energy in outdoor recreations.

And yet so many are unable to enjoy to the full this reawakened activity. They feel off-colour, listless.

Do you know why people have this tired feeling in Spring? It is simply an accumulation of acid in the system. The heavy foods of Winter, confinement in hot stuffy rooms, and the lack of exercise, all help to create an excess of acid and make the blood sluggish.

The remedy is pleasant and simple. Just go to your chemist and purchase a bottle of 'Milk of Magnesia,' or if you prefer a handy tablet form ask for 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets.

All of us feel better at this time of the year if we take an antacid — and the antacid most acceptable to the human system is 'Milk of Magnesia.' It purifies the blood, banishes headaches and lassitude and effectively eliminates the accumulated poisons from the system. It imparts the clearness of health to the eyes and complexion and increased vigour to body and brain.

Obtainable everywhere.

'Milk of Magnesia' 1/3 and 2/6 (*Treble Size*)
'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets 6d., 1/-, 2/- and 3/6

'MILK OF MAGNESIA'

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

SPECIALLY FOR HOUSEWIVES

Marvellous NEW way of COOKING and a FREE RECIPE BOOK

WHAT could be easier than to place the whole meal in the oven—joint, vegetables and sweet—and forget all about it until it's time for it to come out again! This is what is offered by cooking the "Regulo" way, incorporated in all "New World" Gas Cookers, the most efficient and elegant cooker for the kitchen. Get particulars of this amazing way of cooking and also a copy of a valuable free Recipe Book which provides many helpful suggestions. Simply write, mentioning "John Bull," to Radiation, Ltd. (Dept. S24/9), 164, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4, or, better still, fill in the Coupon on p. 23.

Sentiment— and Mr. Candy

(*Continued from page 30*)

"At the top of Moon Street?" the engineer said uncertainly. "I seem to remember something about it. Well?"

"I would like to buy the old wooden bar after you have taken it down. What price are you asking, sir?"

The engineer stared. "You want—you want to buy the old wooden bar! What the . . .? Of course, it's a fine piece of old oak. Well seasoned." He laughed shortly. "Well, that won't be difficult. If you're prepared to pay cartage on the thing you can take it away for nothing—and welcome."

"Thank you," Mr. Candy conceded. "Very generous, I'm sure. I accept your offer, sir. Good day!"

For a full minute after the spare, frock-coated figure of Mr. Rupert Candy had departed from his office, the engineer stared at the closed door. "Now what new game is this?" he wondered. "Or is he just plain crackers? . . ."

★ The engineer had not many hours to wait for enlightenment.

In a lavishly furnished, self-contained flat fronting Berkeley Square, Spike Saunders was talking very earnestly.

"It's a gift, Lefty," he told the boss. "They had the blasted bar down and lying in the gutter before I left Moon Street a few minutes ago. We could drive in from this end, and the way's clear right through Shepherd's Market into Piccadilly! Do we work to-night"

Lefty Tomson, his clean-shaven, dark features twisted in a grin of triumph, shook his head slowly.

"You were always a fast worker, Spike," he said. "That's been your trouble on more than one occasion. Let's have a drink and talk this thing over in easy stages.

"What's the hurry, anyway? This is the job I've been looking for a long, long time.

"That old shop in Moon Street may look like Noah's Ark from outside to the average sucker, but I happen to know it always has held good stock—'rocks' and plate—and plenty of the right stuff goes in for repairs from people living in a classy neighbourhood.

"We're going to have a birthday all round, Spike.

"Now listen. I want the old organisation overhauled, and that'll take time. We do this job to-morrow night, and we make no mistakes. Understand? Get down to the garage right away and have the car ready as soon as possible. Leave nothing to chance. That'll be your only job, Spike. I'll do the rest."

The wisdom of Lefty Tomson became abundantly clear to Spike during the following twenty-four hours. An organisation left idle for three months needs time to regain its former efficiency.

Every detail of the raid on Moon Street had to be carefully planned. The two "can operators" were assisted to enter the premises from the rear soon after the shop had been closed and locked for the night, and then followed an anxious period of waiting.

Spike brought the big saloon out into the mews behind the flat in Berkeley Square at precisely eleven o'clock.

Lefty Tomson was waiting, slipped into his place beside the driver, and three minutes later the powerful car purred slowly into the quiet atmosphere of Moon Street.

Hardly had the car drawn to a standstill than both men alighted, leaving the engine throttled down and running very smoothly.

As they crossed the narrow pavement the front door of the jeweller's shop opened into utter darkness, and then closed gently behind them.

The two "can operators" had made a nice job of the two big safes. Both were opened, and it only needed Lefty's expert knowledge in selecting the goods to be taken away.

Lefty worked fast—choosing such "rocks" and plate as a fence can handle without getting a touch of the jitters. The boss chuckled softly as they all stepped out into Moon Street and carefully closed the front door of the shop behind them. Spike swept into the driving-seat, touched the accelerator—and the car moved away in one swift rush of gathering speed for the other end of Moon Street.

Spike had slipped the clutch, was preparing for a wide turn at the top of the street before he saw something in front that left him fighting for self-control.

From the corner of his eye, too, he glimpsed for a brief moment the spare, frock-coated figure shrinking back into the shadows along the pavement.

Then his right foot went down hard, and the big car raced towards the bar stretched across the top of Moon Street.

A thin voice screamed a warning from the pavement. . . .

★ When Spike saw the real height of the bar it was too late to avoid disaster. The old wooden barrier cleared the radiator-cap by several inches—and the windscreen collapsed, crumpled, as the bar went through it and across the heads of those in the front seats.

All Moon Street and the surrounding neighbourhood heard the fearful crash as the car hit the high wall on the opposite side of the road.

It was in the early hours of the morning, after two dead men and the wreckage of a motor-car had been taken away that the Superintendent of Police found time to question Mr. Rupert Candy.

"I replaced the old bar, sir," he admitted, as he surveyed the splintered fragments of wood which had guarded the top of Moon Street for nearly two centuries, "and I have no regrets for having done so.

"That's the last Highwayman's Bar in London, and they were all fools enough to believe it would never be wanted again."

"Come, Mr. Candy," the Superintendent said impatiently. "There are other methods of catching criminals to-day."

Mr. Rupert Candy looked across the police station yard to where the remains of a powerful motor-car were gathered.

"Other methods," he repeated softly. "Could you have made a better job of it, I wonder?"

The Kid Comes Back!

Do you remember The Kid? The little fellow whose weekly scrapes used to be chronicled in JOHN BULL by the famous black-and-white artist, Lees? You couldn't help liking The Kid. He was the eternal mischief-loving infant—a human puppy always on the look-out for a new pair of slippers to have fun with.

When he disappeared from these pages, hundreds of readers wrote demanding his return. Even to-day letters still come in about him.

Well, now we have good news for all these Kid enthusiasts—and for all new readers:

THE KID IS COMING BACK!

He has grown up a little, as you see from the picture of him indicating his former self with a "Bet I could fight him!" grin on his face. But he is still the same Kid. You still can't take your eye off him for a moment without finding him up to some new prank.

Watch out for his return next week!

He Persevered

THIS is the story of a house that was flooded in one of the worst storms known in the West Country in recent years.

Water and mud invaded the entire ground floor. Household and personal belongings were ruined.

The family abandoned its home for a time. And no wonder.

There came a knocking at the door of the empty house. There was no reply.

Some time later, the same caller was back again. There was still no answer.

A third time that patient man stood on the doorstep.

But he persevered. At last his knocking was rewarded. And a row of faces lit up at his message.

The explanation is contained in a letter received by JOHN BULL from that marooned home.

"I want to thank JOHN BULL for the cheque presented in respect of the damage to my home," it said.

"May I particularly thank you for the courtesy of the representative who called on me at three different times until he found me at home, so that I should benefit under your free family insurance scheme?"

And, really, our free family insurance gift is unique.

All we want is your signature on a coupon, and the most widespread protection is yours.

The coupon is on page 2. Why not turn to it NOW, and sign?

HOW TO PHOTOGRAPH BABY

W. G. GRIGGS, F.R.P.S., *President of the Institute of British Photographers and well known photographer of children, used ILFORD material for this photograph. Below he gives you some hints.*

1 NOT like this!

It's strained and unnatural. He makes his own picture if you leave him alone. NEVER try and make a baby do anything special.

2 THIS way!

Just playing happily by himself. Try taking him from behind when he's crawling off to investigate something. For close-ups, a portrait attachment is necessary with fixed focus cameras.

3 Use SELO films

SELO-ORTHO — for all-round snapshotting.

SELOCHROME — extra fast for high speed work.

SELO FINE GRAIN—Panchromatic, colour sensitive.

SELO N.P.2—for all roll film and miniature cameras — great speed, extra sensitivity and fine grain.

SELO

for snaps' sake

MADE FOR EVERY MAKE AND SIZE OF CAMERA BY ILFORD LIMITED LONDON

Even as you apply Cuticura Ointment you feel its marvellous soothing effect. Within five minutes that maddening, sleep-wrecking itch will be relieved. Then the healing antiseptic ingredients sink to the very source of the Eczema. With every application the place looks healthier as the eruption dies down. It shrinks in size daily. Scaling stops, weeping dries up and new spotless skin appears and spreads until no trace of Eczema remains. Often, a single tin of Cuticura Ointment is sufficient to clear up a stubborn skin eruption of years standing.

Cuticura Ointment kills germs and repels them. It prevents septic poisoning and gathering and draws out inflammation.

A magical healer of Pimples, Boils, Ulcers, Cuts, etc., and an ideal first-aid for Burns and Scalds.

★ Sufferers from Eczema should, in the bath and when washing, use only Cuticura Soap. Made especially for cleansing skin troubles, it is as mild and soothing as fresh dairy cream.

Cuticura
BRAND
OINTMENT

KILLS SEPTIC GERMS - DRAWS OUT POISONS

Have a CAPSTAN

-they're blended better

11½ for 20 6 for 10

AND FOR WEEK-ENDS

Flat-fifty box 2/5

PLAIN OR CORK-TIPPED

THE DEMAND FOR CAPSTAN INCREASES DAILY

W. D. & H. O. WILLS, BRANCH OF THE IMPERIAL TOBACCO COMPANY (OF GREAT BRITAIN & IRELAND), LIMITED.

Pools Parliament

This is your page—say what you like, ask what you want to know about your winter hobby. If you have a problem to be solved or an opinion to express concerning football pools, write to "Poolex," Pools Parliament, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

PENNY POINTS SYSTEM

FOOTBALL seasons come to an end—but pools' enthusiasm doesn't.

For instance, although most teams have fewer than ten matches still to be played, penny pools systems are still pouring in on me.

Most of my correspondents want to spend about 2s. a week on their penny pool ventures, so this week I am giving a twenty-four-column entry which has reasonable chances of success for punters who are not afraid to tackle the usual forecasting problems.

The system covers eight matches. One is for any possible result and seven others for two alternative forecasts, thus leaving from three to six bankers (depending on which pool you enter) to complete the entry.

Start by choosing your bankers, and mark these forecasts in each of twenty-four columns on your coupon.

Next, decide which is the most tricky game on the list and provide for any possible result by marking this game with the following:

11111111xxxxxxxx22222222

This will leave seven matches to be marked.

Consider these games and decide on a two-way forecast (1-x, x-2 or 1-2) for each of them. Mark these seven games according to the following table, *repeated three times*, which will take twenty-four columns and complete the entry. (In the table below the alternatives for each two-way forecast are shown as "a" and "b.")

a	a	a	a	b	b	b	b
a	a	b	b	a	a	b	b
a	b	a	b	a	b	a	b
a	b	b	a	a	b	b	a
a	b	a	b	a	b	a	b
a	a	b	b	b	b	a	a
a	b	a	b	b	a	b	a

The guarantee with this entry is that if your bankers are correct, and your two-way forecasts cover the actual result in each case, there will be at least one column with not more than two errors.

With the same proviso as to the correctness of the bankers and two-way forecasts, the system gives an even chance of a column with only one error, and one chance in sixteen of an all-correct column.

£156 Out

I always find plenty to interest me in Pools Parliament, but sometimes I cannot agree with your advice. I notice that you advise against permuting all the penny pool matches in the four-aways pool, but I think you are wrong.

Last season, if the twelve matches of the penny pool had been permuted as aways each week the dividends won would have amounted to £735 (with stakes of 1s. a column).

I am not sure of the exact number of columns required for this permutation, but surely there would have been a good profit?—W. N., Morecambe.

It takes 495 lines to permute twelve matches fully in the four-aways pool. At a shilling a line, this means a weekly stake of £24 15s., or £891 for the thirty-six-week season. Instead of a profit, there would have been a loss of £156 on the season.

Suggestion

May I offer a suggestion for your page?

In addition to the interesting Pools Parliament letters and the Graded Guide, it would be very helpful if you printed a weekly guide of all the teams' performances in their recent matches. Also the results of the corresponding matches in previous seasons.—S. S., Cardiff.

I should like to be able to give pool fans all this information, and more, if I could, but, unfortunately, space does not permit. The Pools Page of the *Daily Herald* on Thursdays gives the results of the last four games played, and also the results of the previous season, together with other records.

Home Winners

Here is a very good system for picking home winners, which I use from your Graded Guide.

Take the first twenty games on the Guide and cross out all the starred matches, Scottish League and the London clubs. This usually leaves about twelve matches for permutation. So far this season I have had very good results with this.—A. R. B., Staines.

I agree that it is best to leave out the matches which are starred, because in these games "tradition" and "form" point to different results. Also, this season the Scottish League results have been rather topsy-turvy, so you are playing safe to ignore them.

But why leave out the London clubs? They seem to me to have been playing reasonably well to form. I would rather suggest that you omit any matches from Division III (Southern). In this division my forecasting of home winners has not been so good as in the other divisions for some reason.

Draw Markings

Will you please recommend a table for marking nine teams in the draws pool. You have published a number of three-draw tables, but I have not seen one yet to cover nine selections. Can you oblige?—E. F., Preston.

The following twelve-column table arranges nine draw selections to the best advantage:

x	—	—	x	x	x	—	—	—	—	—	—
x	—	—	—	—	—	x	x	x	—	—	—
x	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	x	x	x
—	x	—	x	—	—	x	—	—	x	—	—
—	x	—	—	x	—	—	x	—	—	x	—
—	x	—	—	—	x	—	—	x	—	—	x
—	—	x	x	—	—	—	—	x	—	x	—
—	—	x	—	—	x	—	x	—	x	—	—
—	—	x	—	x	—	x	—	x	—	—	—

With five or more correct selections at least one winning column is ensured. If you get only four selections right there is practically a chance of a winning column. With only three right out of nine (and you ought to manage this) you would have one chance in seven of having a correct column.

Record Win

Has there ever been a £30,000 win on the four-aways pool in this or any other season? I am told that there has, but find it difficult to believe.—G. S., London, S.W.17.

Punters may be interested—and perhaps encouraged—to know that on a coupon for the matches played on April 4, 1937, one lucky punter collected £30,780 for a sixpenny column of four aways. I call him lucky because there were only four away winners on the list that week and they were by no means expected.

Pool fans who invest in small amounts should watch the *Sporting Life Weekly* every Saturday for special penny entries designed by "Poolex." This is one of the many useful features included in the *Weekly's* comprehensive pools service.

Mrs. M. Harding

FROM CHESS TO CHEQUE

"Is it true that one can't get ROOKS out without preparing the ground first?" This was the question pondered the other day by Mrs. M. Harding, 247, Central Drive, Blackpool.

"Surely," she argued, "small plants, anyway, can be rooted up without any preparation of the ground." So she sought a more apt answer to this JOHN BULL Crossword Clue. A few moments' thought led her to decide on ROOKS (the chess pieces), to manœuvre which one must certainly prepare the ground by moving pawns.

By working out the rest of the puzzle in this same common-sense way, Mrs. Harding helped herself to a £250 cheque. Turn to page 36 and you can win £3 Weekly Pension, £750 and Free Holidays for Life!

Graded Guide Pools and Chart

By "Poolex" (Copyright)

BELOW are the games to be played on Saturday, April 8.

Likely home winners on form are at the top of the list, next come the more evenly matched teams, and at the end are likely away winners.

As an additional guide, column A shows whether the home team (1) or the away team (2) has the advantage **on recent form.** Column B gives the next-best forecast as an alternative, whilst column C gives a warning asterisk (*) where results in past years suggest form may be upset.

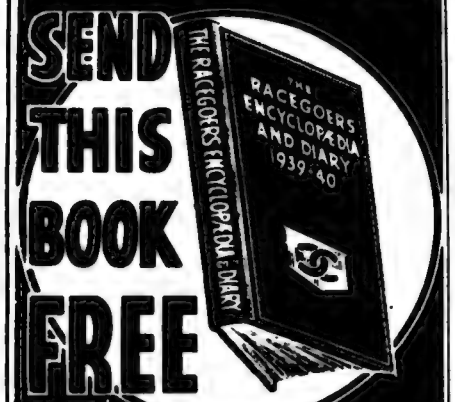
In pools where a choice is given, **avoid games marked** *; cover fully, if possible (1—x—2), in pools where each match has to be forecast.

April 8, 1939.

		A	B	C
1	Barnsley v. Wrexham	1	x	
2	Tottenham v. Tranmere	1	x	
3	Halifax v. Hartlepools	1	x	
4	Falkirk v. St. Mirren	1	2	
5	W.B.A. v. Millwall	1	x	*
6	Bradford C. v. Southport	1	x	
7	Luton v. Fulham	1	2	
8	Bolton v. Sunderland	1	2	
9	Stoke v. Huddersfield	1	x	
10	Lincoln v. Rotherham	1	x	
11	Barrow v. Carlisle	1	x	
12	Notts F. v. Bradford	1	x	
13	Bournemouth v. Swindon	1	x	
14	Southend v. Northampton	1	2	
15	Ipswich v. Bristol C.	1	2	
16	New Brighton v. Darlington	1	2	
17	Mansfield v. Clapton O.	1	x	
18	Liverpool v. Derby	1	x	
19	Sheffield U. v. Bury	1	2	*
20	Queen's Park v. Hamilton	1	2	*
21	Middlesbrough v. Brentford	1	x	
22	Brighton v. Port Vale	1	2	
23	Clyde v. Albion R.	1	x	
24	Cardiff v. Aldershot	1	2	*
25	Charlton v. Aston Villa	1	2	
26	Chester v. Crewe	1	2	
27	Partick v. Third Lanark	1	x	*
28	Leeds v. Grimsby	1	x	
29	Oldham v. Gateshead	1	x	
30	Bristol R. v. Watford	1	2	*
31	Reading v. Crystal P.	1	x	
32	Stockport v. Rochdale	1	x	
33	Birmingham v. Arsenal	1	2	*
34	Leicester v. Blackpool	1	2	
35	Kilmarnock v. Hearts	1	x	
36	Accrington v. York	1	2	
37	Walsall v. Torquay	2	x	
38	Preston v. Wolves	2	x	*
39	Coventry v. Swansea	2	1	*
40	Q.P.R. v. Newport	2	1	*
41	Motherwell v. St. Johnstone	2	1	*
42	Plymouth v. Sheffield W.	2	x	
43	Exeter v. Notts C.	2	x	
44	Newcastle v. Manchester C.	2	1	*
45	Southampton v. Chesterfield	2	x	
46	Queen of the S. v. Rangers	2	x	
47	Raith R. v. Aberdeen	2	x	*
48	Burnley v. West Ham	2	1	*
49	Hull v. Doncaster	2	x	
50	Manchester U. v. Portsmouth	2	1	
51	Hibernian v. Celtic	2	x	
52	Norwich v. Blackburn	2	x	*
53	Arbroath v. Ayr	2	x	*
54	Chelsea v. Everton	2	1	*

COPE'S

SEND THIS BOOK FREE



to

ALL NEW CLIENTS WITH AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF THEIR FIRST BET

This beautifully bound book of 256 pp. containing many articles written by leading sporting journalists to help the backer, is issued by David Cope Ltd. exclusively as a service to their clients.

Its varied contents also include a long chapter on Systems—one which showed a profit of 201 points last season against 22 points produced by a level stake.

RESERVATION FORM

Please send particulars with a view to opening a Credit Account and reserve for me a FREE copy of your "Racegoer's Encyclopædia and Diary" until you receive my first commission. I am over 21 years of age.

Name _____ (B. 6/39)

Address _____ Suggested Weekly Credit £

Town _____ County _____

DAVID COPE Ltd

To Stop INDIGESTION in 5 minutes take, after meals, a little

'Bisurated' Magnesia For the Stomach

Get a 6D Trial Tin (24 Tablets)

Quick—one dose stops pain.
Sure—never fails to relieve; prescribed by doctors everywhere.
Economical—Large sizes, 1/3d. and 2/6d., even more economical than the 6d. size.

A SECRET PROCESS MAKES The NEW STEAD BLADE IN THE WEEKLY WALLET KEENER LAST LONGER

STILL 1/- 6D

MARVELLOUS FREE OFFER!

For a trial bottle of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic and a packet of 'Vaseline' Soapless Shampoo send only 2d. in stamps with your name and address to Dept. J.B.33, Chesebrough Mfg. Co. (Cons'd), Victoria Road, London, N.W.10. Know vigorous healthy hair by accepting this trial offer FREE! You'll feel and look smarter. See page 17

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MAKE MORE MONEY.

Sell Tablecloths, Towels, Silk Stockings, Overalls, Men's Socks, Ties, etc. A 1,000 Bargains. Oldest, Largest, Cheapest & Best Wholesale firm. Write now for Catalogue & Guide.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 1, Thomas Street, Manchester.

CROCKERY. 120 assrtd. articles 10/- 42 cups, saucers, 4/-. Glass & Hardware Dinner Set Free. Cat. & Guide Free.—Bridge St. Pottery, 9, Burslem.

SMALL Traders, apply for free 180-page catlg. of up-to-the-minute lines.—L. Frankenberg, Ltd., 37 Houndsditch, London, E.C.3.

DRAPERS.—112-p. Illus. Spring Catlg. Post Free. Covers all depts., also Boots and Shoes. Finest Selection of perfect goods at keenest prices. Satis. Gntd. Wholesale only.—Myers & Co (L. & H.) Ltd., 7 Trinity St., Leeds.

FREE ILLUS. PRICE LIST to dealers and beginners for keen lines in Drapery, Hosiery, etc., etc. (wholesale only).—LEVY BROS., Dept. A. 39, Houndsditch, London, E.C.

AGENCIES, CLUBS.

TEA AGENTS WANTED in all districts. Excellent profits. No experience required.—Send for details to Sealon Tea Co., Mitcham, Surrey.

A MONEY-MAKING spare-time hobby. Unfailing way of earning £3-£6 per week in leisure hours. Beginners welcomed. No experience or capital needed. Everything supplied free.—Write (mentioning *John Bull*) for details to Worldwide Wholesale Warehouses, Charles Street, Manchester, 1.

EMPLOYMENT.

AUSTRALIA.—Salvation Army guarantees employment farm work Youths (under 20). Training and outfit provided. Household situations Single Women. Assisted passages arranged. Monthly conducted parties.—Apply, Emigration Secretary, 103, Queen Victoria St., Ldn., E.C.4.

G.P.O. Engineering Dept. (no experience required). Commencing £3 12s. per week. Age 19-23. Excellent prospects. Free Details of Entrance Exam. from B.I.E.T. (Dept. 837), 17-19, Stratford Place, LONDON, W.1.

POLICE RECRUITS' HANDBOOK for 1939 (FREE). Contains information on Pay, Prospects and new Entrance Department for all Forces. — Prospective recruits (aged 19-25) should apply for free copy to (B.T.I. Dept. 803), 356, Oxford Street, LONDON, W.1.

CUSTOMS AND EXCISE.—Attractive careers offered to keen young men aged 19-21. Commencing pay £3 8s. The Entrance Exam. is not difficult.—For full details apply to B.T.I. (Dept. 801), 356, Oxford Street, LONDON, W.1.

CIVIL SERVICE VACANCIES. The new Edition of Civil Service Handbook is now ready for public distribution. Those desiring details of openings, age limits, pay, entrance exams. for all branches of the service (either sex—aged 15 upwards) are advised to apply for this Free Handbook immediately to B.T.I. (Dept. 171), 356, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

POST OFFICE VACANCIES. — Both sexes—aged 15 to 21—no experience.—For full particulars of posts available throughout the country, salaries, etc., apply B.T.I. (Dept. 831), 356, Oxford Street, LONDON, W.1.

SALES VACANCIES.—Every year 4,000 new men are required. You can qualify by interesting home study to receive introductions to SALARIED POSITIONS.—Send to-day for Free book, "Salesmanship," to Dept. 19A, WALLACE ATTWOOD COLLEGE, Victoria House, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

BUSINESS SERVICES, ETC.

RETAILERS.—Local trade is limited, so why not sell by post — the modern method of trading? Advertise bargain line in John Bull's famous "Shop Window" and reach millions of buyers all over the country. One advertiser recently reported that from a single advertisement he had received over 500 orders for a 2/- article. A mail order department has turned many a local business into a national one. Why not yours? Start small, grow big. Apply on business letterhead for particulars and details of free advertisement writing service for shopkeepers and small traders. Address: Manager, Sales and Sales Development Dept., *John Bull*, Room 28, 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPERS DIRECT from 2d. per roll. SEND for patterns post free.—WEST RIDING WALLPAPER CO., 53, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

WALLPAPERS direct from Mills from 2d. per roll. 200 patterns post free.—OSBORNE MILLS, Dept. 5, Mechdale Road, MANCHESTER.

A FOLDING CAMERA for 14/-. Perfect Landscapes, Portraits, Groups, etc. Write for particulars to Soho, Ltd. See advert. on page 3.

SHAVE every day the Rowbotham way. A whole year's shaving with British Blades for 1/- only. See Rowbotham's announcement on page 2.

GET full particulars of the Murphy All-Wave Table Model Sets, as illustrated on page 23. The new Murphy Radio can be obtained with Armchair Control and hire-purchase terms are available on every model.

GARDENING.

LOOK to your Lawn. Now is the right time to secure a Garden Scythe from Wm. Penn, Ltd. See the advertisement on page 3.

PORTABLE BUILDING CONSTRUCTION REVOLUTIONISED! Sheds, Garages, Greenhouses, etc., made from genuine Red Cedar. Will not warp, crack or shrink. Beautiful appearance. From 27/6, or 2/- down. FREE DELIVERY. Send for FREE illustrated Catalogue.—R. H. Hall & Co. (Kent), Ltd., 39, Paddock Wood, Kent.

SPRING in the garden.—If you like making your garden just a little different get a copy of the April number of "GARDENING," edited by Richard Sudell, F.R.H.S. Contains 23 articles and features and 23 magnificent illustrations—100 pages of practical ideas, layouts, and diagrams. Other outstanding contents: How to succeed with rock plants, the art of landscape gardening, an easily-built rose arbour, also the famous calendar (what to do in April), etc., etc. Another thing, "GARDENING" slips into the pocket, making it easy to read and easy to carry. It is Britain's most beautiful Gardening magazine. Price 6d.—on sale everywhere. Look for the cover showing marvellous Lupins in full colour.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

RATE 10s. per line. A line averages six words. Minimum Charge 30s.

Advertisements with remittance must be received not later than noon on Wednesday, 8 days before publication.

Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

POULTRY-KEEPING.

REGULAR SPARE CASH FOR YOU.—Useful EXTRA money can be made by keeping poultry —but you must go about it in the right way. Whether you contemplate starting now with a few birds in the garden or you've kept Poultry for some time—be sure to see the splendid 1939 edition of the "Feathered World" Year Book. On sale now, this invaluable book of nearly FOUR HUNDRED PAGES is packed with practical information and expert advice—essential help that solves every poultry problem—that makes poultry-keeping REALLY PROFITTABLE. Send 2/6 P.O. to-day for your copy to "Feathered World," Dept. J.B., 9, Arundel Street, London, W.C.2.

MEN!—Preserve your health and fitness by wearing a Spencer Supporting Belt.—Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Spencer Corsets, Ltd., 44, Britannia Road, Banbury, Oxon., for free Booklet and further partics. See page 30.

SUFFERERS from rheumatism are offered a sample of a new remedy on page 28. 3d. stamp will bring this and full particulars from The Rhumuy Co., Hallam Grange, Sheffield, 10.

FREE to sufferers from bad legs and all circulatory troubles. Fill in the coupon on the Back Cover for free sample of Elasto, the biomedical remedy, and a copy of a special free booklet fully explaining the Elasto treatment. Send the coupon now, while you think of it.

A GOOD PIPE TOBACCO FOR 9d. ONLY

Here is the name!

A REVELATION at 9d. per ounce. Medium-strength brown leaf, cool and lasting. Specially packed to preserve character and weight. At all tobacconists.

One-ounce moisture-proof packets **9d**. *'Lucky Jim' Shag 1-ounce packets* 8d
Two-ounce tins **1/6**

GODFREY PHILLIPS LIMITED

DO YOU KEEP CHICKENS? Here's splendid news for all poultry keepers . . a unique opportunity not to be missed. To-day the Poultry Keeper's Advisory Bureau and Clinic invites you, whether you keep a few fowls in the backyard or farm on an extensive scale, to participate in a great new money-saving plan that will be worth POUNDS. Thousands of men and women interested in keeping poultry are already benefiting by this great idea—make sure you have details immediately by sending a postcard for particulars to:—Poultry Keepers' Advisory Bureau and Clinic, Dept. J.B.23, 63, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd. (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

COLDS AND HEADACHES quickly relieved by Cephos, the Physician's Remedy. Recommended by Doctors and Nurses. In Powder or Tablets. Send p.c. for FREE SAMPLE.
CEPHOS, LTD. (Dept. 29), BLACKBURN.

RUPTURED! Doctors, clergymen, gardeners—everyone is praising the Improved Pallant Ball and Socket Truss. Extremely light, yet immensely strong; no understraps and no pressure on hips. So safe and comfortable that wearers can forget that they are ruptured. Booklet free.—Write or Call, Blunden's, Dept. 1292, 9, Oxford Street, W.1.

A FREE Sample of Urace Brand tablets for rheumatism sufferers is offered on p. 28.

FOR all forms of Eczema, Bad Legs, etc., Healo Brand Antiseptic Ointment heals diseased tissues and wounds readily. Write for free booklet, which tells you all about skin disorders and their modern treatment, to Dept. A., Cuxson, Gerrard & Co., Ltd., Manufacturing Chemists, Oldbury, Birmingham. See page 29.

ALL of us will feel better at this time of the year if we take an antacid—and the antacid most acceptable to the human system is "Milk of Magnesia." It purifies the blood, banishes headaches and lassitude and effectively eliminates the accumulated poisons from the system. It imparts the clearness of health to the eyes and complexion and increased vigour to body and brain. Obtainable everywhere in tablet or liquid form. See page 32.

WHERE'S the pain? Here's the remedy.—A mother with the care of a family on her hands, or a father with a job to hold down, simply cannot afford to be laid up with the crippling pain of rheumatism, sciatica and such like. Besides, it is quite unnecessary. At the first twinge of pain, apply a little Sloans brand Liniment to the afflicted part. It is a wonderful remedy for muscular rheumatism, and quickly masters pain. The quick action of Sloans Liniment is remarkable. It brings instant relief by stimulating the circulation through the tissues and thus relieves the congestion which causes the pain. For rheumatism, lumbago, backache, sciatica, sprains, strains, cramp and stiffness, Sloans is the ideal remedy.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd. (J.B.1), 21 Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

THORN'S Garden Sheds and Greenhouses are easily erected. All in sections. Just bolt together—that's all. Models in Cedar or Deal. Lowest prices. From 2/- down. Catalogue free:—Thorn's (Box 23) Brampton Rd, Bexleyheath, Kent.

HOUSEWIVES, get this free book, "Meals that are Different." Simply fill in the Coupon in the Stork advertisement on page 27 and a copy of this free book will be sent to you.

IF you suffer with influenza, colds or fevers, send for a free copy of "Everybody's Doctor" to Alfred Pennings, Cowes, Isle of Wight. Mention *John Bull* when writing. See page 31.

FREE.—Hundreds of free gifts can be exchanged for Rowntree's Cocoa coupons, so send a 1d. postcard now to Dept. C.E.82, Rowntree & Co., Ltd., The Cocoa Works, York, for a free gift booklet and voucher.

HOLIDAYS are coming.—Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to the French Hotel Plan (London), Ltd., 163, Jermyn Street, London, S.W.1, for Summer Programmes.

IF you want good snaps use Selo. Made for every make and size of camera and several varieties to suit any and every photographic occasion. Say Selo for snaps' sake. See p. 33.

HERE'S a unique opportunity for every *John Bull* reader to try and enjoy Weetabix—the new cereal food—free of charge. All you have to do is write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Weetabix, Ltd., Dept. (J.B.4), Weetabix Mills, Burton Latimer, Northants, enclosing 1½d. stamp.

FREE to mothers. Valuable book, "BABY"—a wise, complete and simple guide to happy motherhood and healthy babyhood. Also Nestlé's Supplementary Feeding Charts. Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Nestlé's Milk Products, Ltd. (I.F.311), 6a, Eastcheap, London, E.C.3.

IF you really want an enjoyable smoke, try Four Square Tobacco. It can be obtained in vacuum-packed tins and there are eight blends to choose from. Four Square contains no artificial flavouring and is made by George Doble & Son, Ltd., Manufacturers of Quality Tobacco since 1869. See page 29.

48-PAGE Book free. Tells all about a 7-day Trial Offer and how to develop strong muscles—how you can get fit and remain fit. Also particulars of how you can win a free round trip to the New York World's Fair!—Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Charles Atlas (Dept. 13/Q), 2, Dean Street, London, W.1.

TO those who have not yet experienced the delight of a Camp Holiday, write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Dept. J.B., Northney Holiday Camp, Hayling Island, Hants, for full particulars contained in a free illustrated brochure explaining H. J. Warner's Ideal Holiday Camps at Dovercourt, Hayling Island, Seaton (Devon), and Ryde (I.O.W.).

HAVE you yet tried the 30-second breakfast? Serve Kelloggs, the delicious breakfast cereal, and see how much time it saves you. The family will like the crisp, fresh corn flakes. They're economical, too—a big family packet costs only 5½d. Turn to p 25 and learn more about Kelloggs.

WONDERFUL Jewellery Catalogue—Free. Ciro creations challenge the closest comparison with fine real Jewellery, however expensive. Send at once for Ciro's latest Catalogue of Rings, Pearls and Jewels—all on easy terms—by writing, mentioning *John Bull*, to Ciro, 48, Old Bond Street, London, W.1.

HAVE you ever tried Bondman Tobacco—it's a grand smoke! Go to your tobacconist and get some right away. It comes to you in easy-to-open vacuum tins. Satisfying and pipingly cool, Bondman costs only 10d. per oz. for Empire Blend and 11½d. per oz. for Rich Ruddy Virginia. See page 31.

ACCEPT this free double offer. You can get a trial bottle of Vaseline Hair Tonic and also a Vaseline Soapless Shampoo if you write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Dept. J.B.25, Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Consd., Victoria Road, London, N.W.10. Simply enclose 2d. stamp to cover postage. Send at once for this perfect combination to improve your hair. See p. 37.

IF you are run down, nothing is more effective to restore you to full vigorous health than Hall's Wine. It sends a living tide of pure, rich blood through your arteries to strengthen, nourish and purify every organ. Hall's Wine is an excellent tonic that brings quick, lasting recovery from colds, coughs, influenza, etc. You can get it from all wine merchants, licensed grocers and chemists. Turn to p. 28 and learn more about Hall's Wine.

FREE.—A Recipe Book and particulars of "Regulo" oven heat control and new features for still better Cooking. A choice of delightful colours make the latest "New World" the most efficient and elegant Cooker for the modern kitchen. Fill in the coupon on page 23, or write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Radiation, Ltd. (Dept. 834/9), 164, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4. Full details of this method of Regulo cooking and free Recipe Book will be sent by return. Every housewife should apply at once.

A LOVELY finish for Red Floors. Frequent washing of Red Tile Floors invariably results in the loss of colour, and the floor, instead of being a rich red, develops a whitish tinge which greatly detracts from its charm. Housewives who have this trouble should try Cardinal Polish. It immediately restores the colour to old tiles and gives a rich red gloss which improves the appearance of new. Cardinal is also splendid for Red Composition Floors, Front Steps, Cement Paths and all outdoor stone work. Being waterproof, it will not wash off in the rain. Also obtainable in White, Cream, Green, Buff and Transparent for Multi-coloured Tiles. All dealers sell it. In 6d. and 1/- tins.

HELPFUL Hints to beautiful Floors. During the Spring Cleaning many housewives will be considering how best to make their floors as bright and attractive as possible. The following hints will therefore prove timely to many readers. If you have a stained or polished floor it is always advisable to use a good quality wax polish. A really good wax polish not only gives a more pleasing brilliance, it also greatly reduces the amount of rubbing necessary to obtain a satisfactory finish. A polish to be most highly recommended is "Mansion," which, in addition to quickly imparting a bright and lasting gloss, also thoroughly cleans the surface. This polish is also an excellent preservative for Linoleum, and has valuable antiseptic properties which destroy dust germs.

Another worth-while hint concerns the Staining and Varnishing of Floors. It may be that you desire to treat the whole floor or merely the surround to a carpet. In either case very pleasing result can be economically obtained by using Varnene Oil Varnish Stain. The free flow of Varnene ensures easy and economical application, and it dries to a brilliant hard gloss which will not readily chip or scratch. It is obtainable from most Ironmongers, Oilmen, Grocers and General Stores in Dark Oak, Walnut, Mahogany, Light Oak, Ebony Black and Clear (Colourless) Varnish in 6d., 1/- and 1/6 tins. Furniture can also be most successfully renovated by using the appropriate shade of this reliable oil varnish stain.

Win John Bull's

FIRST HUGE HOLIDAY PRIZE OF 1939

£3 WEEKLY FOR LIFE

plus

FREE FAMILY HOLIDAY YEARLY COSTING UP TO £25

and

£200 DOUBLED HOLIDAY CASH BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP

ADDITIONAL £100 HOLIDAY CASH Between Runners-up who submitted 6 squares or more, including 2 FREE, or equivalent on "Time-Save" Entry Sheet

£750 cash

£1,750 CASH PAID IF WINNER PREFERS SINGLE PRIZE

SEE what a colossal 3-in-1 reward may be yours for setting aside an hour of your Easter leisure for Crosswords!

Thrilling, health-giving holidays with your family each year as long as you live—and a big Life Pension of £3 Weekly, bringing you as much as £3,900 during the next 25 years—and a fortune of £750 cash!

Start now on the Puzzle—and note the Extra Holiday Cash for early entrants!

£50 Extra HOLIDAY CASH FOR EARLY ENTRANTS Equally divided between Prize-winners whose successful entry was postmarked not later than SAT. APRIL 15.

ACROSS CLUES

1. One which starts in small way occasionally develops rapidly and becomes hard to control
3. Public interest is worked up when powerful men fight these
6. Fuss
8. Police may want to trace after burglary
9. Stockbroker frequently suspects one in his share dealing
14. One in play may have to be wide-awake
17. You wouldn't expect good one to go for a copper
18. Finish
21. Slight damage to transport may well be done by this
23. Amount of this is important in race
24. It's aggravating when game of football is held up by

DOWN CLUES

1. Losing this is apt to be annoying
2. National emblem of England
4. A good deal can certainly be done to make one brighter
5. Disney created a great one when he introduced Mickey Mouse
7. Electrician sometimes has to use, in course of his wiring work
10. There are some occasions when it's necessary to make a claim for one
11. There's sometimes bad feeling when youngsters do this
12. Often rather shallow
13. Long one will sometimes bend quite a lot
16. Doctors frequently have to rely on in emergency
18. Notice
19. May be used for garment
20. One naturally does this when fetting
22. It may be an improvement if this can be made lighter

4 BIG CHEQUES WON IN CROSSWORD No. 146.

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 146 the Adjudication Committee decided that the entrants who indicated the most meritorious Sets of Answers for one Square (see on right) were the following four competitors:—

P. DOYLE, 68, Prussia Street, N.C. Road, Dublin.
J. G. GRIFFITHS, Poplars, Kimbiewick, Aylesbury.
W. HARVEY, 12, Queens Gardens, Portstewart, N. Ireland.
MRS. E. SIMONS, 6, Fulford Road, West Ewell, Surrey.

Subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition, these competitors share the First Prize of £500 and a cheque for £125 will be sent to each.

Any other entrant who believes that he submitted an entry eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a Scrutiny by not later than First Post, Tuesday, April 11, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all entries submitted and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the £100 Award to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 36 competitors from whom we received entries inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best entries received. These winners will each receive £2 15s. 7d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified. Each Runner-up who submitted not less than 6 squares (or equivalent) in one envelope will also receive one of "John Bull's" famous Easter Hampers.

A useful Surprise Award will be posted this week to each of 395 entrants from whom we received an entry differing from entries of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer.

WINNING WORDS.

ACROSS.—1. FUMA. 4. SHOT. 6. USE. 7. FRAT. 9. SPOOF. 13. PARTS. 16. PARLE. 19. WITS. 20. PETE. 21. SHOP. 22. SAW.
DOWN.—1. PURSE. 2. MEMO. 3. NET. 4. TOPS. 5. BOSHE. 11. BOOTH. 12. SAY. 13. CAR. 14. BEER. 15. ROWER or TOWER. 17. BOOTS. 18. HITS.

BONUS WINNERS IN CROSSWORD No. 146.

The £10 Cash Bonus offered to "Good Shot" Winners in Crossword No. 146 has been divided between the following five successful claimants: J. H. Cook, Warrington; Mrs. M. Harding, Blackpool, Lancs; Mrs. M. Thomas, Matfield, Herts; J. Wrighton, Broughton, Preston; and E. Wynne, Chiswick, W.4.

WINNING SQUARE

The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers and highest competitors were those ... in the square above.

One square is left blank to indicate that at this point ROWER and TOWER were regarded as apt Answers of equal merit.

COMBINED ENTRY PRIVILEGES: Sender of Crossword Entry value 1s.6d. or over is entitled to enclose one "Bullets" coupon FREE for Contest No. 1,166 on page 39, provided combined entry is posted not later than Sat., April 15. See also enclosure privilege on "Bullets" page.

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 149. Closing Postmark Thurs., April 20, 1939

IF USING 2 SQUARES ONLY, USE THOSE BELOW AND CUT HERE

In entering this competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters, and I enclose

P.O. value .....

No. .....

2 SQUARES 6d.
4 SQUARES 1s.

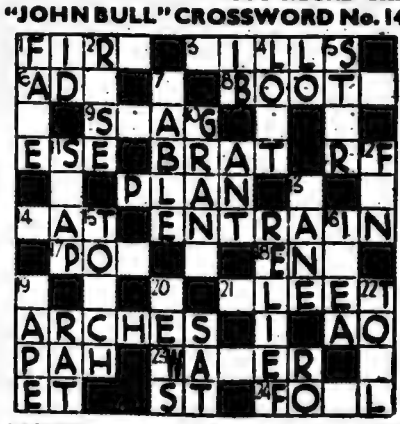
SIGNED .....

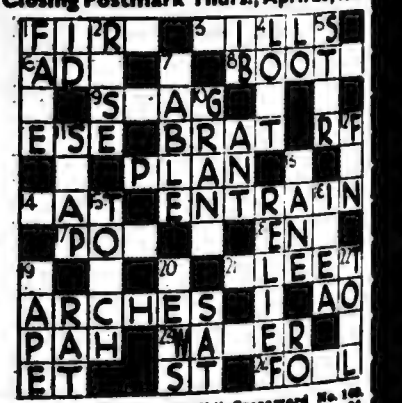
ADDRESS .....

.....

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 149. Closing Postmark Thurs., April 20, 1939





FREE SQUARES BELOW Available only for "John Bull" Crossword No. 149 and if accompanied by paid entries value 1s. 6d.

In entering this competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters, and I enclose

P.O. value .....

No. .....

6 SQUARES 1s. 6d. allowing 2 SQUARES FREE

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

ADDRESS ENTRY: CROSSWORD No. 149, "JOHN BULL," 97, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

FURTHER SQUARES NEXT WEEK—RULES ON PAGE 25

The Editor Laughs Lost

"Bullets" Illustrated
Office Bore—Delayed
Pen-pushing—"Stopped" Inkpot!

If you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query, which should be written in ink. Write to-day, marking your envelope "Free Advice." The replies given here to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

TYPIST (Retford).—"When a married man asked me to dine with him, words failed me." You just nodded?

C. M. (Fleet).—"The man who whistles at his work will never go far." What about a railway guard?

H. A. (Sandwich).—"The best-dressed man gets all the plums." And the most handsome gets the peaches.

R. B. (Wokingham).—"I was told bee-keeping is a fine hobby, but I am not so sure now that I have been stung several times." It's certainly not all honey.

H. V. (Teignmouth).—"When a man raises his hat to a girl he has never seen before, what does that show?" The top of his head, very often.

A. P. (Taunton).—"People tell me that when I am dancing I hardly seem to touch the floor at all." That's hard on your partners' toes.

HUNTER (Newmarket).—"I know a man who puts everything he has on horses and makes a living out of it." A harness maker?

W. M. (Margate).—"At the conclusion of a boxing match the contestants exchanged dressing-gowns as souvenirs." Having previously exchanged socks!

W. L. (Putney).—"Can you tell me which is the wettest racecourse in England?" You are living at one end of it. Fortlake's at the other.

E. B. (Diss).—"The modern girl motorist is quite capable of doing her own roadside repairs." Every Jill has her Jack, as it were.

C. P. (Kettering).—"My son asked me if it were wrong to punish people for what they hadn't done, and I said it was." And then he told you he hadn't done his homework?

D. H. (Boston).—"My father wants me to follow him and become a tailor, but I prefer writing for my money." But probably that's what your dad's been doing most of his life

STUDENT (Leeds).—"The only hospital dentist was away, and as the woman's hollow tooth was obviously draining her, I took his place." You filled the gap, so to speak.

MRS. T. (Wrexham).—"For a dish I was preparing, I had to melt some butter on the hob, and asked my husband to watch it. But he forgot all about it." And then the fat was in the fire!

W. B. (Barnes).—"It is a nasty jar for a dartboard owner at a village fair when the local champion starts throwing for prizes." And, judging by the prizes generally on view, it is a nasty jar for the expert.

W. K. (Bath).—"Sudden riches affect people in different ways." They enable some to find their feet and make others lose their heads.

P. V. (Putney).—"It's dangerous to ignore a persistent cough." Clerks at postage-stamp counters apparently don't realise this.

MR. J. (Benfleet).—"I may be sentimental, but without my feathered friends I should feel absolutely lost." See letter below.

MRS. J. (Benfleet).—"If my husband misses his evening game of darts at the local, he gets quite depressed." See letter above.

V. T. M. (Manchester).—"Professional footballers usually find it difficult to put any money by." Some goalkeepers we've seen are hopeless when it comes to saving.

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

YORKSHIRE EVENING PRESS:—"He was CONVINCED of stealing four ducks."

BRISTOL EVENING POST:—"His wife had a cut lip, but the driver of the ROSEBOX escaped injury."

PRACTICAL WIRELESS:—"A humourous WINKLE in Jellison's eye convinced her he would fit the role of a gay young collegian."

SOUTHERN DAILY ECHO:—". . . slowed down traffic, visibility in many roads being reduced from FIVE to FIFTY yards . . ."

KENTISH TIMES:—"The bridegroom's BROTHER wore a black velvet dress, embroidered in gold . . ."

OXFORD MAIL:—"Mrs. A. B—— was granted a REPARATION order against her husband."

C. T. (Oldham).—"Everything in our house is bang up to date." Including the rent book?

S. W. (Epsom).—"There is often something behind a rank outsider winning a classic race." And more often than not it is the horse we have backed.

F. G. (Aberdare).—"Women always appear to be so busy that I wonder what they do when they have a little time for reflection." They look in the mirror.

MRS. F. (Bedford).—"A man's life should be an open book to his wife." The trouble is most wives expect it to be a cheque book.

SHOWMAN (Nottingham).—"I am looking for a man weighing over thirty stone." We shouldn't have thought a man like that could get lost.

R. N. (Bramley).—"A spray of fresh milk is good for the complexion." But not for the temper if you jab your finger into the cardboard cap too quickly.

R. E. (Tunstall).—"Was it Edison who made the first talking machine?" No; but he made the first that could be shut off!

R. M. (Kelvedon).—"I had a feeling that the dentist was pulling my leg." Good heavens! We had no idea that the roots of a tooth sometimes went as deep as that.

E. T. (Richmond).—"When a man has to travel about a good deal, even an old second-hand car is an advantage." Sometimes it is the kind of advantage he pushes home.

TENOR (London, N.).—"I received a letter advising me not to sing at the concert, but of course I took no notice." Still, somebody thought it was worth trying.

FARMER (Buxton).—"I like to see lovers who do their courting in the good old-fashioned style." On the good old-fashioned stile?

B. C. W. (Tottenham).—"What sort of bomb will there be in the Chancellor's despatch case on Budget Day?" Who knows? Anyway, on page 39 we offer just the kind of "shelter" you may need—cheques value £1,000 which can be yours for one *Bullet*!

W. M. (Watford).—"A wireless lecturer on entering the studio to broadcast is made to feel at home." Then he generally proceeds to make listeners wish they weren't.

D. K. (Matlock).—"I am sorry to say that I once wrote a really stupid book, and should be very glad to see the end of it now." The best thing to do is to turn to the last page.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

Dry, lifeless hair is caused by

DRY SCALP

Use this HAIR DRESSING that ends Dry Scalp

DRY SCALP starts with dry hair. Then your hair gradually begins to fall out, you get scurf, dandruff, and finally you go bald.

'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is the hair dressing specially made to end Dry Scalp. Every morning sprinkle on a few drops, rub in with finger-tips until scalp tingles pleasantly. Then brush your hair.

This hair dressing keeps your hair perfectly in place; *at the same time it does your scalp good all day long.* Soon your hair will be healthier, stronger. You'll *feel* and *look* smarter.

'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is a very economical hair dressing. You need only a little. 1/6 and 3/- (3 times as much in larger bottle). Prices and free offer not applicable to Eire.

MARVELLOUS FREE OFFER: For a trial bottle of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic and a packet of 'Vaseline' Soapless Shampoo send two penny stamps (to cover postage, etc.) with name & address (in block letters) to Dept. JB25, Chesebrough Mfg. Co. Cons'd., Victoria Road, London, N.W.10.

Vaseline
TRADE MARK
HAIR TONIC

The hair dressing that ends DRY SCALP

NEW!
'VASELINE' SOAPLESS SHAMPOO makes your scalp cleaner! (Soap leaves scum on scalp as on side of bath.) Price 4d.

2031-3

PILES Sufferers Freed by Zam-Buk Brand

ESCAPE the torment of piles by using Zam-Buk. This world-famed herbal ointment is renowned for soothing and healing. It reduces pain, swelling and inflammation, checks the bleeding and causes the piles gradually to disappear. Don't suffer a day longer—get a 1/3 box of Zam-Buk and use according to the printed directions.

"The burning, throbbing pains of piles were unbearable and the bleeding and constant suffering wore me out. I had no heart for housework or anything. But when I used Zam-Buk the piles were wonderfully soothed and they gradually disappeared. I now feel an entirely different woman." Mrs. E. INGS, Portsmouth.

For Inward PILES

In addition to Zam-Buk ointment for external piles you can also obtain Zam-Buk soluble Suppositories for inward use, price 1/3 per box. Left in position at night they soothe and cure while you sleep.

SOLID ZAM-BUK

SHOOT STRAIGHT FOR THIS GRAND MASK FREE

INSIDE "MICKEY MOUSE WEEKLY" OUT NOW!

★ *Hurry for YOUR Free Mask—it's inside "Mickey Mouse Weekly" —NOW!*

OUT NOW 2D.

HI YO! Boys and Girls—come and join the LONE RANGER in his thrilling Wild West Adventures starting in "Mickey Mouse Weekly"—Just Out!—And he's presenting you—FREE—with a thrilling "LONE RANGER" MASK! Yours is waiting for you—*inside* "Mickey Mouse Weekly"—NOW!

SHOOT STRAIGHT off to your newsagent at once for a copy with your MASK *inside*!—there's a wonderful feast of Walt Disney fun—grand stories and jokes—in this grand Holiday number, too! Get your copy NOW!

MICKEY MOUSE WEEKLY

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee :—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—
In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

SCIENCE CHEATS DEATH!

Black ceiling . . . black furniture . . . black walls . . . Hooded and masked, ghoul-like in this nightmare room, two scientists peer into a microscope. Under the powerful lens, they watch a tiny, pulsating speck of heart tissue which has been kept alive for twenty-six years . . . by the man who has learnt the secret of cheating Time . . . ! "Armchair Science" tells you about the amazing discoveries of biologists who can defeat death. The fascinating April issue, now on sale, also includes :—Atom Smashing ; A Visit to the Moon ; Seeing the Invisible, etc., etc. 100 pages, 29 articles and features, 50 photographs, drawings and diagrams, "Armchair Science" brings you all the wonders of the world of science, explained in simple, easy-to-read language. Get your copy to-day! It's on sale everywhere.

ARMCHAIR SCIENCE—6D.

★ FREE OFFER

A GENEROUS free sample of Elasto, the new Biomedical Remedy, is offered to all readers suffering from Varicose Veins, Bad Leg, Eczema, Rheumatism and other disorders of the blood and circulatory system. This will be sent, post free, with an interesting booklet which fully explains how Elasto treats these distressing ailments through the blood. Fill in the coupon on the Back Cover now, while you think of it. This offer is too good to be missed!!

KIDNEY AILMENTS

Mrs. Allanson, Leeds, writes :- "I suffered terribly from Kidney Trouble caused through my confinement, and had five fits. I lost over 3 stones and could not walk. My gums and tongue were pure white, and I suffered dreadful nights. I was told my kidneys were permanently damaged and nothing more could be done for me. I started taking Vitadatio and it has worked wonders. I cannot thank you enough for the wonderful benefit I have derived from it. My kidneys have now been tested again and found to be perfect."

If you suffer from Kidney, Liver or Stomach Trouble, Vitadatio can help you! Sold by Boots, Timothy Whites & Taylors, Chemists, Stores, 3/- and 5/- per bottle or direct per post (6d. extra in U.K.).

From VITADATIO, ARMLEY, LEEDS. Write for FREE BOOK KA 121

ANOTHER £100 IN BULLETS CHEQUES FOR 2, 3 OR 4 WORDS

Coupons and Examples on Next Page

'BULLETS' 1,162 RESULT

First Prize, Ideal Home, Furniture and £200 - or £1,000 cash:

A. McNEAL, 3, Colin Close, Shirley, Croydon, Surrey.

Example: ANSWERING THE CALL.
Bullet: VOLUNTEER—DEMOCRACY "STEPS FORWARD."

SECOND PRIZE, £100:

W. CONDON, Works Dept. Stores, H.M. Dockyard, Rosyth.
Example: Forget Your Worries And
Bullet: Yourself—Neither Very Important!
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

THIRD PRIZE, £25:

M. L. JONES, 33, Peel Avenue, Blackpool, Lancs.
Example: Something For Nothing
Bullet: "Garden" Mr. *Middleman* "Cultivates."

OTHER PRIZES:

£10: E. EXTON, 352, Whitehall Road, St. George, Bristol.
Man Who Gets On—Motto—"*Got To!*"

£9: K. PIKE, 88, St. John's Crescent, St. John's Lane, Bristol.
We All Hate War, Yet—Changing Frontiers, Changing "Front."

£8: W. J. BERRY, 139, Pentre Estyll, Swansea, Stronger Nation—Fright "Has Left Us."

£7: Mrs. J. CLAYTON, Naylor's Road, Gateacre, Liverpool.
To Build Britain Anew—We Need Weak-kneed "Weeded."

£6: Mrs. C. HOWELL, 22, Mendip Road, Bedminster, Bristol.
Forget Your Worries And—Smile—"Come Out" Better.

£5: Miss M. K. ENTWISTLE, 5, Nancy Street, Darwen, Lancs.
One Of The Crowd—Nazi—Or Solitary Cell!

£4: L. G. BIRD, Birland, Asfordby Road, Melton Mowbray, Leics.
Roadhog Hitler—Ignores "Signs"—Signs—Ignores!
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

10 PRIZES OF £3 EACH:

Miss R. BAKER, 19, Cleveleys Avenue, Rochdale, Lancs.
Not So Good — Cupid's Aim—"Brass" Dazzling.

A. BINGHAM, 345, Walkley Lane, Sheffield.
Nervously—Eskimos Studying Map Now!

Mrs. W. CARSON, 16, Stoney Croft, Robin Hood, nr. Wakefield.
Work And Play—Fool Forsaking For "Scaking."

J. COOK, 36, Pike Street, Dipton, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Dictator Wifey—"*Gowns* Before *Bitter* John!"
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

E. GRAFTON, 400, Beverley Road, Hull.
To Build Britain Anew—Easy, In "Bricklayer's Arms"!

A. HOUSE, 63, Hertford Street, Portsmouth, Hants.
Roadhog Hitler—"Unswerving" Until We "Immovable."

J. L. MALPAS, Cleasewell Terrace, Stakeford, Choppington, Northumberland.
Attack Of The Jitters—Helped Henpeck Sap Lawn!

Miss M. ROBINSON, Nethertown, Egremont, Cumberland.
Man Who Gets On—Makes Daily Round "Spiral."

J. TOPLISS, 125, South Street, Highfields, Doncaster.
One Of The Crowd—Hitler Was—And Fear

Mrs. G. WOOLES, 38, Romilly Road, Cardiff.
Hot Stuff—Driving—Then Cold, Stiff.

List of 25 winners of 10s. 6d. and 200 winners of 2s. 6d. can be seen at these offices.

READ THESE RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for that in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the best being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two words may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be payable to JOHN BULL and dated as per Entrant's name, address and date of postal order must be written on back of postal order, number of which must be duly noted on coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision in connection with this competition must be accepted as final in matter of dispute arising in connection with legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible

BIG NEW 10-in-1 PRIZE MUST BE WON!

FIRST PRIZE-WINNER RECEIVES 10 PAYMENTS FOR BEST "BULLET"

£100 CASH IMMEDIATELY

GOLDEN JOY WIRE FRI. APR 28

£100 ON MAY 1st, 1942 — **£100** ON MAY 1st, 1945 — **£100** ON MAY 1st, 1948

£100 ON MAY 1st, 1951 — **£100** ON MAY 1st, 1954 — **£100** ON MAY 1st, 1957

£100 ON MAY 1st, 1960 — **£100** ON MAY 1st, 1963 — **£100** ON MAY 1st, 1966

WINNER will be required to make signed application for each £100 cheque, excepting the first, within 14 days of date it becomes due. If preferred, £300 lump sum may be chosen in place of 10-in-1 PRIZE.

£50 2ND PRIZE | **£25** 3RD PRIZE | **£10** 4TH PRIZE

£9 £8 £7 £6 £5 £4

10 of £3 | 25 of 10/-

200 2-in-1 SURPRISE AWARDS

6,000 OTHER AWARDS

ONE WEEK ONLY POST UP TO AND INCLUDING **SAT. APR. 15**

HOW TO WIN

To make a prize *Bullet*, simply take an *Example* and make a rough note of any idea it suggests. Then improve this to TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, closely linked with that particular *Example*.

For instance, against the *Example*, BITTER EXPERIENCE, you might jot down *Followed Promises At Munich*. This you could easily improve to the typical *Bullet*, BITTER EXPERIENCE—FOLLOWED MUNICH'S "HONEYED WORDS."

Now study the leading efforts in our 1,162nd Contest on the opposite page. Then turn to the *Examples* without delay, for your entry must be posted on or before Saturday, April 15.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

IN EUROPE'S TRAFFIC
LEADER NEVILLE
IF THERE'S A WAR
WHEN THE HARM'S DONE
ADMIRING CROWD
MIGHTY POWER
I MAY BE OLD-FASHIONED, BUT
MADE HER HEART SINK
NOT ALL HONEY
MAN WHO'S A NUISANCE
WORRIES GRANNY
AGE MAY FROWN, BUT
WITHOUT FLINCHING
HARSH
CALL OF ADVENTURE
BITTER EXPERIENCE
LAUGHING AT THE LAW
WON'T ANSWER
SOUNDS OF REVELRY
DAD'S FAVOURITE

Incomplete "Examples"—see notice below:

UPSET THE .....
WHY HE .....
MOTHER'S .....
WHEN BRITANNIA .....
STORMY .....
TO PLEASE .....

ADDED ATTRACTION: Last six "Examples" in list are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then you will find it easy to discover attractive and differing "Examples" to augment those provided.

LIFE PENSION, Big Cheques and CELEBRATION WEEK-ENDS NEXT WEEK

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

P.O. No. .....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on opposite page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.
(1,166) | Closing postmark SAT., APRIL 15.

Signed .....
Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

P.O. No. .....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on opposite page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
(1,166) | Closing postmark SAT., APRIL 15.

Signed .....
Address .....

"Bullets" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words.

YOU CAN POST ENTRY UP TILL LAST COLLECTION, SATURDAY, APRIL 15.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

P.O. No. .....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on opposite page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.
(1,166) | Closing postmark SAT., APRIL 15.

Signed .....
Address .....

FREE COUPON FOR THIS COMPETITION IF USED AS INSTRUCTED BELOW

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

FREE PRIVILEGE ENTRY

I enclose TWO or more paid (or prize) coupons for Bullets No. 1,166, all entered in same name and address, entitling me to this coupon FREE.

Signed .....
Address .....

SAVE MONEY ON ENTRIES

With your *Bullets* entry you may now enclose Crossword entry, with single postal order sufficient to cover both entry-fees, thus saving 2½d. on poundage and postage. Make postal order payable to JOHN BULL, address joint entry envelope "Bullets" No. 1,166 and Crossword No. 149, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, marking it "B and C" in top left-hand corner, observing that *Bullets* closing postmark is Saturday, April 15.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,166 usually purchase "John Bull."

The original cheque for £100 won by the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 1,161 will be displayed in the window of Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son, Ltd., 2, Coburg Place, Thomas Street, Weymouth.

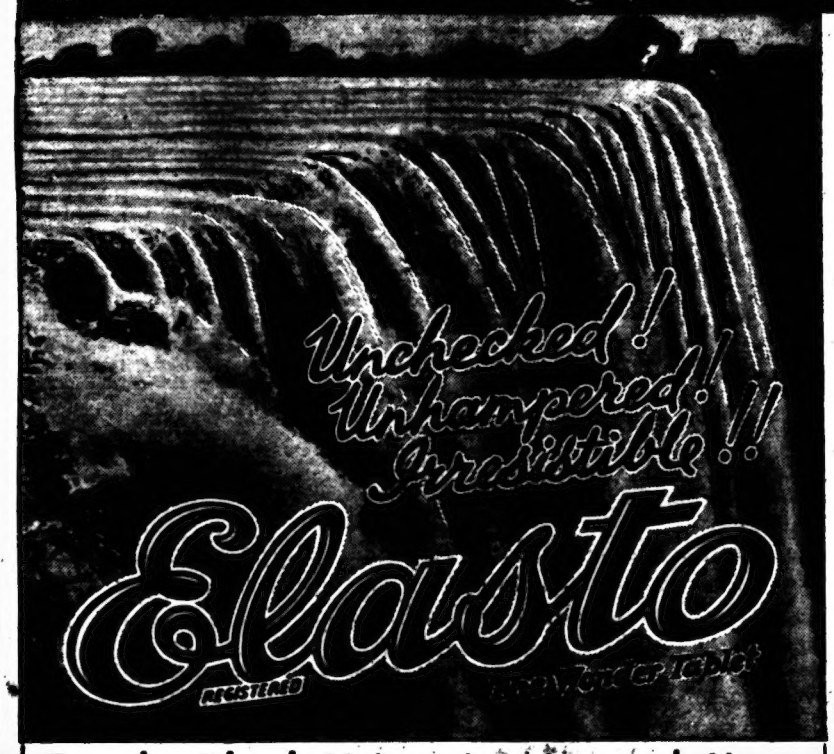
Should you wish to use Advertiser's Coupon on back, or enter more than coupons provided, you may use plain paper.

ENTRY FEE You must enclose a postal order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted, payable to "John Bull" and crossed /& Co./. Write name, address and date of posting on back of P.O.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,166, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comps.)

PARSON wins PENSION See details on page 8

AS THE WATERS FLOW SO SHOULD THE BLOOD!



For the Blood, Veins, Arteries and Heart

Stagnation Means Decay!

SOME of the most painful and distressing ailments that afflict mankind are the direct result of poor or sluggish circulation of the blood. Take for example that very common disability, varicose veins. Here we have one of the physical consequences of cell-starvation, a weakening of the vein walls and of the surrounding tissues due to an impoverished blood supply brought about by a stagnating blood stream, or, in other words, bad circulation. In all diseased conditions, no matter what the ailment may be, the blood stream is at fault and no treatment can give lasting results if this all-important fact is overlooked. Keep the blood free-running like a deep, fast-flowing river, enrich it with the necessary elements for cell building and for the removal of toxic waste materials, and health MUST result. NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN THE REAL TROUBLE IS BAD CIRCULATION.

A Good Circulation is the Real Basis of Health!

EVERY sufferer should test this wonderful new Biomedical remedy which brings quick relief from pain and weariness and creates within the system a new health force; overcoming sluggish, unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality and arousing to full activity the inherent healing powers of the body. No ailment resulting from poor or sluggish circulation of the blood can resist the curative action of Elasto. Varicose veins are restored to a healthy condition, the heart becomes steady, the arteries supple, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds (bad-leg) *heal naturally and the cure is lasting*, piles vanish and rheumatism, in all its forms, is literally swept out of the system. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical*; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto, *the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.*

Everybody is asking—What is Elasto?

This question is fully answered in an interesting Booklet, which explains in simple language this amazing new method of *curing through the blood.* Your copy is Free, together with a generous Free Sample (see coupon below). Suffice it to say here that Elasto is not a drug, but a vital cell-food which must be present in the blood to ensure complete health. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables *Nature* to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal, healthy circulation, *without which there can be no true healing!* The health of every organ and tissue of the body depends upon healthy cellular activity, and to ensure this, vigorously circulating, oxygen-rich blood is absolutely essential. NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN THE REAL TROUBLE IS BAD CIRCULATION.

Read what users of Elasto say!

"*Varicose Veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging.*"
"*Now walk long distances with ease.*"
"*Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but Elasto cured me.*"
"*I attribute my recovery from rheumatoid arthritis solely to Elasto.*"
"*Now free from piles.*"
"*Suffered for years from a weak heart but Elasto cured me.*"
"*After being indoors for 18 months, I can now walk quite well. My heart is stronger and all the pain has left my legs.*"
"*Elasto has cured my bad leg.*"
"*The swelling from ankles to thighs has entirely gone, and I can do a full day's work keeping on my legs all day.*"
"*I have suffered years of agony with varicose veins and phlebitis, but thanks to Elasto, my leg is now completely cured.*"
"*The stinging sensation I used to get in my left arm and leg (arterio-sclerosis) is quite gone and my general health is much improved.*"
"*My skin is as soft as velvet, thanks to Elasto.*"
"*It is wonderful to be free from that terrible pain and to be able to walk upstairs without getting short of breath.*"
"*I was in awful agony and could not walk. My family and friends are astounded; the results are magic.*"
"*I was in terrible agony with arthritis, almost crippled, but Elasto cured me.*"
"*Rheumatoid arthritis gone, I have never felt better.*"
"*Lumbago cured after three years of suffering, age 66.*"
"*Cured my sciatica 12 months ago, still quite fit.*"
"*I was confined to my bed with phlebitis, without hope of ever getting out again. My doctor says I owe my life to Elasto.*"
"*Elasto has quite cured my eczema.*"
"*My piles are gone, my legs are better and I feel better in my general health.*"
Etc., Etc.

THESE extracts are taken from letters received from grateful people who KNOW, who have tested and proved for themselves the extraordinary health-restoring powers of ELASTO, the wonderful new Biomedical remedy. We guarantee the authenticity of every extract quoted.

Elasto
Tablets
ELASTO RESTORES THE NATURAL POWER OF HEALING TO THE BLOOD.
The NEW ERA TREATMENT CO. LTD.
CECIL HOUSE HOLBORN VIADUCT
LONDON. E.C.1.

It Acts Like Magic!

The Wonder Tablet!

FREE

A Generous Sample of this Wonder Remedy

Fill In This Coupon

for a Free Sample and a Free Booklet fully explaining Elasto, the new Biomedical Remedy. These, with copies of recent testimonials, we will gladly send privately, post free. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it, and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes!!

This offer is too good to be missed! ★

ELASTO (DEPT. 15), CECIL HOUSE, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.

JOHN BULL COUPON

for Free Trial Sample of Elasto ★

ELASTO (Dept. 15), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet fully explaining how Elasto, the Great Blood Revitalizer, cures through the Blood.

NAME.....

ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

J.B. No. 8439. *Issued by The New Era Treatment Co., Ltd.*

Elasto will save you pounds!

J.B.I.66 53★

Printed in Great Britain and Published Weekly by the Proprietors, ODHAMS PRESS Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Post free Inland and Canada 12s. per annum; all other parts of the world, 12s. 2d. per annum. Postage: Inland and Canada 1d.; all other countries 1½d. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Agencies for Australia & New Zealand: Gordon & Gotch, Ltd. For South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Agents for Canada: Imperial News Co., Ltd., also Canadian Wholesale Newsdealers' Association, Ltd. For America: International News Co., 131, Varick Street, New York, U.S.A. Also on sale at W. H. Smith & Son, Ltd.'s Bookshops at 78, Boulevard Adolphe Max, Bruxelles, and 248, Rue de Rivoli, Paris, and Messageries Dawson, 4, Rue de Faubourg Poissonnière, Paris, France.

B170 A331